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GLIMPSES

29164

OF

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

ADDRESSES, SONNETS, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

SAMUEL H. LLOYD.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

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INDEX.

GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND. PAGE

No. I.—The Threshold, - - - - - - - - - - 9
No. II.—Re-Union, - - - - - - - - - - - 11
No. III.—Realities, - - - - - - - - - - - 12
No. IV.—Visions, - - - - - - - - - - - 13
No. V.—The Dreamer, - - - - - - - - - - 14
No. VI.—Change, - - - - - - - - - - - 15
No. VII.—The Spirit's Welcome, - - - - - - - 16
No. VIII.—Heavenly Joy, - - - - - - - - - 17
No. IX.—Land of Bliss, - - - - - - - - - - 18
Lines to Rev. Frederic T. Gray, on his Departure for the Atlantic States, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 20
Faith, Hope, and Charity, - - - - - - - - - - 21
The Oak and Vine, - - - - - - - - - - - 22
To Some Weeds that are Growing on the Eaves of a House opposite my Window, - - - - - - - - - - - - 23
Distrustfulness, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 24
To Little Lizzie, - - - - - - - - - - - - 24
To Jenny Lind, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 25
A Blessing for the Children, - - - - - - - - - - 26
Sonnet, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 27

Digitized by Google

PAGE

A TABLEAU.

Morning, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 27

Noon, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 27

Evening, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 28

Night, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 29

SONNETS.

I.—The Welcome, - - - - - - - - - - - 29

II.—The Question, - - - - - - - - - - 30

III.—The Wish, - - - - - - - - - - - 31

IV.—The Apology, - - - - - - - - - - 31

V.—Glimpses, - - - - - - - - - - - 32

VI.—The Shrine, - - - - - - - - - - 33

VII.—Repose, - - - - - - - - - - - 33

VIII.—Absence, - - - - - - - - - - - 34

IX.—Love Universal, - - - - - - - - - - 35

X.—The Farewell, - - - - - - - - - - 35

XI.—Explanation, - - - - - - - - - - - 36

A Fireman's Address, - - - - - - - - - - 37

Temperance Address, - - - - - - - - - - 42

The Oak and Vine, - - - - - - - - - - 50

Reverie, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 52

In a Valley Sweet and Lowly, - - - - - - - - - 53

Isabel, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 54

The Heart and its Angel, - - - - - - - - - - 56

Jenny Lind, - - - - - - - - - - - - 57

What Hattie may be supposed to Say on the Eve of her Marriage! 58

Lines, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 59

The Silver Lining, - - - - - - - - - - - 60

A Factory Village at Night, - - - - - - - - - 63

Spring and Childhood, - - - - - - - - - - 64

My Childhood's Home, - - - - - - - - - - 65

Digitized by Google

PAGE

The Poet, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 68
God Speed the Plow! - - - - - - - - - - - - 69
To Dora, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 71
Love *vs.* Wealth, - - - - - - - - - - - - 72
Aspirations, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 72
The Cross, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 73
All are Here, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 74
Epitaph, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 75
Lines, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 76
Lebanon Springs, - - - - - - - - - - - - 78
The Angel Hand, - - - - - - - - - - - - 79
The Inner Mansion, - - - - - - - - - - - - 80
A Paradox, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 82
A Tribute to the Memory of my Friend Sydney Southworth, who died at Sea on board the Brig Gulnare, bound to California, - 83
My Spirit Bride, - - - - - - - - - - - - 85
To Wachusett. (In Winter,) - - - - - - - - - - 87
Rosalie, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 88
Musings, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 90
Lines, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 92
Willie to his Bird, - - - - - - - - - - - - 94
The Buttercup, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 96
Love and Wedlock, - - - - - - - - - - - - 97
My Valentine, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 98
A Song, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 99
The Gold Diggers, - - - - - - - - - - - - 99
To Wachusett, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 101
Lines, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 103
The Bird's Nest, - - - - - - - - - - - - 104
A Rainy Night, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 106
Be Patient, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 106

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Lines to my Little Brothers, - - - - - - - - - 107
Good Night, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 108
Beneath the Cloud, - - - - - - - - - - - - 109
Above the Clouds, - - - - - - - - - - - - 110
My Brother, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 110
The Search, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 112
Art and Toil, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 113
The Inner Life, - - - - - - - - - - - - 117
Hymn, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 118
Temperance Hymn, - - - - - - - - - - - 119
Baptismal Hymn, - - - - - - - - - - - - 120
Sunday-School Hymn, - - - - - - - - - - - 121
Hymns, written for and sung at the funeral of Rev. William H. Kinsley, September 9th, 1851, - - - - - - - - 122, 123
Hymn, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 124
Hymn, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 125
Hymn, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 126
Happy New Year, - - - - - - - - - - - - 127
The Bachelor, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 134
Impromptu—To My Wife, - - - - - - - - - - 135
My Walk, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 136
Our Departed Hero, - - - - - - - - - - - 138
Night, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 140
The Child's Waking Hymn, - - - - - - - - - 142
Resurgam, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 144

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POEMS.

GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NO. I.—THE THRESHOLD.

WHAT mists are these that hang before my eye,
And hide me from the faces that I love?
What form is this that to my side draws nigh,
And hovers o'er me like some phantom dove?
My recollection reels, and through my brain
My wandering thoughts like orphaned children creep,
While round my form I hear a sound like rain,
For so the angels' steps appear in sleep.

What light is this that gilds this opening morn?
What sweet-robed train now waits around my side?
And why this waiting for the day's young dawn?
This seeming waiting for a soul's sweet bride?
A form I see from out this blessed throng,
As now she pillows me upon her breast,

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My Guardian One, whose harp shall tune my song,
Who loving me attends me to my rest.

And this is Death, that once so much I feared,
Disrobing of the mantle that I wore;
And these the forms that all my life have cheered,
Now bearing me where all of death is o'er.
With sweet discourse they chain my listening ear,
And tell me now of this sweet land I see,
Till into pearls they crystallize each tear,
And all I feel is one vast melody.

But yet, O earth! again I turn to thee,
As now, with clearer vision, I behold
Each loving form that still doth cling to me,
Whose aching hearts leave all their griefs untold.
I go; for, like the autumn leaves the wind
Has gently loosed upon each bending bough,
Have griefs around this heart of mine entwined
And loosed the hold my life has felt till now.

Yet not in sorrowing my spirit greets
The forms that bear me through these clouds away,
But as the chrysalis its summons meets,
O'er flowering fields to greet the new-born day;
I go, but in that Land, to us so near,
As near the flower is to its budding stem,
I too will linger round my loved ones here,
And round their couch in triumph wait for them.

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NO. II.—RE-UNION.

HOW often loosed the silver cord we find,
And at its fount the golden bowl is broken ;
But Love is stronger than the cords that bind
Our fragile forms—outlives each earthly token.

So while around this tufted grass we stand,
And for our loss our bleeding hearts repine,
We see afar the Amaranthine Land,
The vine-clad hills beyond this flowing Rhine.

And then we see—what Doubt forbade, but Thought
Made sure—that there each loving form we'll find,
And in that Land, as heaven's own prophets taught,
We all shall meet, no wanderer left behind.

And as the dew-drops mingle on the rose,
And stars are sweetly grouped, our hearts explain,
How in that Land, the longing soul well knows,
We'll mingle there on that far-reaching plain ;

In rhythmic groups our rhythmic hearts be formed
To drink the music of the higher spheres,
And all our joys by Harmonies conformed,
Make real what now we dimly see through tears.

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NO. III.—REALITIES.

I HAVE such thoughts so beautiful and sweet
I fain embrace as night each nestling star,
That come as does the morn, with dewy feet,
And heralding the joy that breaks afar;
And thoughts, to me so simply true and real—
As real as dew-drops are unto the leaf,
That I discourse until my fond Ideal
Is wedded to the form of my Belief.

The Spirit-Land then stands before my eyes
Not as a city we in fancy make,
But as a city 'neath the moonlight lies
With shadows seen reposing on the lake;
And I can clearly see the silver spray
That sparkles when the boatman lifts his oar,
As towards the Palace of Immortal Day
Through silent waves he plies his passage o'er.

And then a sound comes floating to my ears
Like rustling leaves the playful winds had fanned,
Until the Gates I've seen through falling tears,
I clearly see with Heaven's own rainbow spanned;
And beings here that to my dreams belong,
With waving palms attend each welcome band,
And with their starry harps recite in song
The harmonies that fill the Spirit-Land:

And there are seen those blooming fields and rills
That fringe the margin of that peaceful Bay,

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The life the same that here our bosoms thrills
Still finds us pilgrims on our upper way;
And I rejoice so real to find it all,
As finds the chrysalis the fields and trees,
That Doubt was but the shadow of the wall,
My spirit now through its own starlight sees.

NO. IV.—VISIONS.

I HAVE had dreams, should I attempt to speak
In vain my lips would now essay to tell,
As would the stars should they begin to teach
The loveliness that in their bosoms dwell.

When sleep has come, and 'neath her dewy wings
The angels find me folded on her breast,
My soul before them like a tablet spread,
With visions then have so my heart impressed,

That I retain the pictured scenes within,
And all the raptures that my spirit knew,
As lovers' hearts the imaged face retain,
Or as in leaves the flowers retain their dew.

And thus I muse on visions past I've had,
The scenes that nightly bind me in their spell,
Until the life I spend within in sleep,
Becomes more real than that in which we dwell.

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NO. V.—THE DREAMER.

IN this vast temple of the soul,
What fairy glimpses here have we,
When closed are all the outer doors
From which the outer world we see;
And as our spirits then may roam
From land to land, and star to star,
And bring the Spirit-Land so near,
We once had thought so dimly far.

What truth and beauty then impress
The spirit's likeness on the face,
When as the starlight meets the star
The Spirit-Land and we embrace;
And thus are mirrored on the cheek
The shadows of that world of love,
As through the soul the figures pass—
The imaged forms of those above.

The eyes are closed, as night lets down
Her curtains from the dewy skies;
But as the night reveals the stars
The day had hidden from our eyes,
So, when all outer gates are closed,
And sculptured sleep our lips may seal,
Then round our forms the Land is seen,
That now these outer doors conceal.

And as the notes in music rise,
And in successive scales must chime,

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So next this world that round us lies
The Spirit-Land takes up the rhyme;
And all things here that now we have,
Are types of those we there shall see,
As note to note, and scale to scale,
Here typify the Harmony.

NO VI.—CHANGE.

WHY should we mourn that changes come,
When 'neath the cold and shrouded snow,
The grass and flowers may shelter find,
And in the darkness bud and grow?

Why should we mourn that clouds are formed
And o'er our drooping spirits fly?
The law that forms the clouds expands
The bow and brings unclouded sky.

Our hopes may fall like leaves away,
And swiftly pass each winged hour;
But leaves ne'er fall until the fruit
Is formed within the bursting flower.

Then change is Angel of the Soul,
That keeps all things from swift decay,
Through which the crystal here is formed
And life anew may spring alway.

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Thus when upon these thoughts I muse,
That once awoke my brooding fears,
I see how Beauty's matchless soul
In all with cheerful robes appears.

I see the worm upon the ground
With golden tints expand its wing;
What, then, as more than worm I am,
Unto my soul shall changes bring?

NO. VII.—THE SPIRIT'S WELCOME.

WELCOME, sweet dweller from the earth,
Sweet welcome to these gates of Day!
Thy soul has now its second birth,
And like a bird may soar away.

Welcome! the night of grief is o'er,
Of pain and strife and wasting care;
We here outlive each scar we bore,
And none have burdens here to bear.

For Thought and Play and Work and Love,
Go gayly walking hand in hand,
And in these fields of light above
They here go rhyming through the Land.

All sin and discord here must end,
And none exist except in dreams,

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For here with God our spirits blend,
And fountains purify their streams.

No night is here to mantle o'er,
Like some dark bird of brooding wing;
For joy reigns here for evermore,
And hopes forever blossoming.

'Tis true, we look above and see
The Spheres as they encircling rise,
But then we know in harmony
Each field in sweet progression lies.

Of discontent we cherish none
As here we cast a glance afar,
But 'neath the splendors of our Sun
We journey on from star to star.

NO. VIII.—HEAVENLY JOY.

HOW full of ceaseless life the world!
Its mountains, fields, and streams,
And every changing scene within
That through each spirit gleams.
The bird goes flying through the air,
The waves go rushing from the shore,
So thought goes bounding through the soul,
Where it shall ne'er be silenced more.

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The Joys of Heaven must ceaseless be,
Not listless as the sand
Some wave had borne across the sea
And piled upon the land;
Nor do they cloy or fade away,
But to the soul return again,
As skies receive the streamlet's gift
To pour it back in dew and rain.

And what is Joy? The boundless stream
That slakes each thirsting soul,
From Love's sweet fount of being fed,
By Wisdom taught to roll;
Whose fount in vain we seek to reach,
Whose source we vainly seek to know,
But by whose ever living banks
The pleasures deepen as we go.

NO. IX.—LAND OF BLISS.

O LAND of Bliss! my heart now turns
With longing hopes to thee,
As long the blossoms for the spring
The sunbeams strive to free;
O stream of Time! on whose sweet wave,
Like flowers upon thy breast,
My thoughts thy flowing tide doth bend
Towards that sweet Land of rest.

O Land of Fruit, that hangs so rich
Upon thy bending trees!

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Oh! when shall I beneath thy shade
Inhale the swelling breeze?
And with these rapturous eyes behold
The white-robed angel band,
And drink the flowing landscape in—
The sweet and dewy land?

And with me too, the beings loved,
Find all of sorrow o'er—
When shall these tearful partings cease
On life's retreating shore?
And by those living streams may pluck
The amaranth and rose,
And drink the nectar from the streams
Where deathless water flows?

O Land of Bliss! my heart now turns
With longing hopes to thee,
As long the blossoms for the spring
The sunbeams strive to free;
O stream of Time! on whose sweet wave,
Like flowers upon thy breast,
My thoughts thy flowing tide doth bend
Towards that sweet Land of rest.

1850.

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LINES

TO REV. FREDERIC T. GRAY, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE ATLANTIC STATES.

I.

THOU faithful soldier of the cross, farewell!
Our pastor kind, devoted friend and guide,
Our smitten hearts with grateful feelings swell,
And from our eyes gush forth the tearful tide
As to our ears thy parting words are breathed
From lips on which the dews of Hermon fell;
Which to our souls the Father's love bequeathed,
And joyed the Master's matchless life to tell.
Farewell, thou Sower of the Word! like seeds
Upon the ground, thy words within our hearts
We gently fold; the Sun of Righteousness succeeds,
And fruit and verdure to our lives imparts;
And thus draw near the Harvest Day that bring
The fruits that blossom for an endless spring.

II.

But ere thy bark is parted from the land
And ploughs once more the free and stainless sea,
We linger round to take thy parting hand,
And see! the children pressing near to thee!
We do not come with priceless gems, nor gold,
Nor alabaster box whose perfumes yield
A costly gift, but grateful hearts unfold
The fervent wish that God shall be thy shield.

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Then fare thee well! Flow gently, waves that bear
Thy friendly bark, just parted from the shore;
To home, and flock, and friends, and to His care
Who tames the sea, we leave thee evermore;
To Him who safely holds within his hand
The raging sea and wide extended land.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1854.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Written after seeing a painting by ADELE KENDT, now belonging to John Hooper, Esq., of Boston.

I.

LOVED sisters of the soul, I love ye more
Now that upon this canvas sheet I see
Ye sweetly grouped, and fain would I implore
(So real ye seem) one blended smile from ye!
It is no fiction this—no fancied work of Art;
From earliest childhood, in its fairest dream,
And in transfigured hours, in inmost heart
I knew ye all! so vivid now ye seem.
And know ye me? Ah! greater this than all
The flatteries of kings, of state and court.
In this your rainbowed throne and crystal hall
Have you my humble name with gold inwrought?
Or, if my name is traced but faintly there,
By loving ye, may I your converse share?

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II.

So sweet the thought now steals upon my brain,
If loving ye would draw me closer there,
I'd breathe my life away, as clouds in rain,
When flowers come in answer to their prayer!
But greater still the thought we learn from ye,
Ye are the cherub ones we nurse within—
Our angel guests, the forms that now we see,
To toll the death of Doubt, of Agony, and Sin.
If now so fair, how fairer far ye'll be,
When Truth is welcomed as the peaceful dove,
When Faith and Hope in Wisdom's soul we'll see,
And dew-eyed Charity is lost in Love?
Sweet scene! but should we fail to make it real,
In vain we idly gaze on this ideal.

1851.

THE OAK AND VINE.

HOW feeble and how frail the works of all!
Man rears his stately pyramids in pride,
But 'neath the peltings of the storm they fall
And moulder away by the pilgrim's side.
I'm weak I know. I've leaned upon the world,
A broken reed it surely proved to me;
And when from peaceful scenes I'm rudely hurled,
It never gives my heart true sympathy.
And yet I can not feel to stand alone
As does the oak that ne'er for mercy pleads;

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To lean as does the vine I'm always prone—
Though rich in buds and leaves, a prop it needs,
And so without thy arms to be my stay,
O God! I'll droop and perish by the way.

1843.

TO SOME WEEDS

THAT ARE GROWING ON THE EAVES OF A HOUSE OPPOSITE MY WINDOW.

HOW often in the sultry noonday hours,
When scorching rays had tinged each tender leaf,
With burning lips still pleading for relief
To some sweet cloud that sheds its tears in showers,
I've gazed on thee, and felt how much thy life
Resembled mine. I'm parched and pining too;
And like a flower that thirsts for rain and dew,
My soul is weary of the dust and strife.
And yet as from thy roots sweet moisture springs
Of rains and dews thou long hast treasured there,
And drank in beauty from the morning air,
Which to thy drooping leaves new verdure brings,
So Mem'ry on the heart in dew distills,
And pours her balm through all her secret rills.

1848.

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DISTRUSTFULNESS.

HOW oft we fear and falter by the way,
While fancy paints with clouds the future sky,
Till mortals think they have on earth no stay,
And none to wipe the tear from sorrow's eye.
But fear not, timid soul, for God will give
Thee strength thy cross to bear, to tread the vale.
He gives e'en birds a wintry robe t' outlive
Each blast of winter's drear and chilling gale;
Or else directs their flight to summer fields,
Whose warmer rays regale each passing breeze—
Where summer bland in purest friendship yields
A safe retreat among her woodland trees;
And so He gives us strength our cross to bear,
And watches o'er us with a Father's care.

1846.

TO LITTLE LIZZIE.

I MET thee, child, amidst a fairy scene,
A princely hall* festooned with leaves and flowers,
And tables spread, the fruit of many hours,
And caught a glimpse of thee, behind the screen
Of waving leaves that fanned thy thoughtful brow.
And as the wise men sought the child of old,
And brought their myrrh and urns of virgin gold,
So does my heart consume its incense now.

*Faneuil Hall, Boston.

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Behold the loved, the amaranthine child,
Whose soul now glimmers through her eyes like light
The stars do shed between the lids of night,
And pour their beauty o'er each vale and wild.
The sweet prophetic child! How like a vine
Our loving hearts round thine do now entwine!

1849.

TO JENNY LIND.

Written after seeing her from her window waving her handkerchief to the multitude below.

I HAVE not heard thee carol on the air
One note, sweet Nightingale, within thy bower,
And yet I know thy soul is passing fair,
And sweet as cells embosomed in the flower.
I have but seen thee, bending o'er thy nest
To greet the multitude entranced by thee,
With love and fervor mingled in each breast,
Moved by thy name and sweet simplicity.
'Tis not to Art alone they breathe a name
They speak so soft as to a lily's breast;
Thou'rt greater than the gift bestowed by fame,
Beyond its power to give and frail behest;
But 'tis to thee, whose soul within keeps time
To all that's rich in song and sweet in rhyme.

1850.

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A BLESSING FOR THE CHILDREN.

A HAPPY year! the year that now has birth,
Whose sky so calm, so clear, it seems to say,
All things bless us, and e'en the blooming earth
Reflects the blessing on our hearts to-day.
A happy year to you, to each and all,
Ye youthful pilgrims in this favored land!
But 'tis not mine from heaven this gift to call,
Tis yours alone to seek the angel hand.
There is a path conducting to the goal,
And duty to the willing heart is light;
This path pursued, and to your wishful souls
The changing year shall bring no coming blight;
New stars shall come your future sky to cheer,
And each shall prove to you a happy year.

Jan. 1, 1858.

SONNET.

AGAIN my eyes behold the cottage fair
Once to my cheerful voice and footsteps known,
Where oft its joys and sweets I used to share,
To which my heart had long in exile flown.
Now busy thoughts come crowding to my brain,
As through the past my soul recalls each scene,
The sloping roof, where patt'ring came the rain,
The village church behind its leafy screen;
And how with merry heart it met my sight
When absence drove me from its sweets away,

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The lights that glimmered through the dusky night,
That from its window sent their cheering ray.
Alas! these scenes invite no more my breast;
The bird has flown, and empty is the nest!

1847.

A TABLEAU.

MORNING.

THE new-born light comes floating o'er the hill,
Kissing the orange leaves upon its way,
And kindly ent'ring at my window sill,
Illumes my cabin with its feeble ray.
But not with joy I ope my slumb'ring eyes,
As flowers their leaves to greet the coming morn,
That, drinking in the sunshine from the skies,
Feel all the pleasures of a life new-born.
I wake, but with the dawn my restless heart
Feels no sweet dew or sunshine ling'ring there,
But griefs that cause each dawning hope to start,
And thoughts of outrage, wrong, and wasting care.
O God! when from thy gates the light appears,
Should it wake such bleeding hopes and fears?

NOON.

THE noonday hour has come: beneath this tree
I sit me down to eat my simple meal;
The winds come floating by, so wild and free,
They whisper thoughts that through my bosom steal;

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The stream is free that courses through the vales,
The waves whose music breaks upon our shore,
The clouds that spread their wings like crimson sails—
All whisper thoughts that die in me no more!
Why should I thus be doomed to wear a chain?
To bare my back beneath the driver's whip?
To pour my sweat for him like drops of rain,
And ne'er have power to ope my burning lip?
Is this the boon for those who till the soil,
To reap such harvests for their willing toil?

EVENING.

THE golden sun has sunk all silently,
And dewy eve comes gliding to my side,
As by I pass each fragrant bush and tree,
Beneath whose leaves our little cabins hide.
With weary limbs yet beating heart I go,
To meet my sweet and loved ones at my door,
Which smiling Hope has circled with her bow,
And where my love has gathered all her store.
And yet why o'er my soul this horror steals?
Why from my pent-up heart this death-like sigh?
The thought that e'er this bursting heart conceals,
Whene'er my home is pictured in my eye;
The fear that hangs a cloud before my sight,
The wrong that shrouds my soul in folds of night.

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NIGHT.

NO sound now steals upon the breathless air,
Save that of leaves that fan the sleeping flowers;
Our own north star ne'er seemed so bright and fair,
As through these vines it seeks these hearts of ours.
What hopes and fears now crowd my aching brain,
As by our sleepless breasts our children lie?
To make us free does night now pour her strain,
For which the stars are beck'ning in the sky?
We snatched our babes, so young and fair they seemed
Like sweet-breathed blossoms clinging to our breast,
While sweetly in its blue the north star beamed,
As forth we went to seek a northern nest.
O God! what cloud is rolling at our back?
Oh! keep the blood-hounds from our tear-stained track.

1850.

SONNETS.

I.

THE WELCOME.

ONCE more with sunny heart and beaming eyes
I welcome thee. The magic of thy art,
It is the welcome poured upon the skies
When summer breathes and buds begin to start;
For thou hast oped new founts within my soul,
And spread new beauty round this heart of mine,

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And with sweet pictures traced its hidden scroll,
With characters whose tints are all divine.
'Tis not the tinsel that this life displays
That captivates and chains my soul to thee;
But that thy heart each tone and look portrays,
Revealing there thy soul's rich jewelry—
'Tis this that makes my heart with thine entwine,
And me a pilgrim at thy holy shrine.

II.

THE QUESTION.

HAST thou not gazed at eventide alone
On some bright star that gemmed the dewy sky,
And mused till love made that sweet star thine own,
And felt e'er more the soothing star-light nigh?
So does my heart retain the good it drank
While listening to thy speech that on it fell,
Entranced like flowers beside the streamlet's bank,
That musing, owned the magic of the spell.
And as that stream reveals in its sweet flow
Each gushing rill through beds of roses strained,
The falling spray, the rosy-tinted bow,
And changing skies that on its bosom rained;
So doth thy speech reveal the hidden sky,
The founts and rills that in thy spirit lie.

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III.

THE WISH.

I WOULD that while I muse and sing of thee,
I might then hold thy trembling hand in mine,
And in the blue within thy star-lit eye might see
Whether my own is there enshrined in thine!
Or like the leaves that glide neglected by,
That oft we heedless trample 'neath our feet,
Or warm south winds that pass us with a sigh,
Thou dost these humble breathings greet.
E'en then the thought would not oppress my soul,
Nor vain regrets across my bosom steal,
For then in thee I'd own thy sweet control
To lift the veil that hides my fond ideal.
Not thus this welcome comes to thee, I know,
The cloud rejects the stream it taught to flow!

IV.

THE APOLOGY.

IF while you read these lines I've penned for thee,
The thought should softly steal across thy heart
That I too much have loved till hearts agree!
Let now the thought no more in thee have part;
It is that thou hast stood 'twixt me and all
My soul has loved in woman's soul and name,

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And canst sweet glimpses to my soul recall
Of all that love has kindled into flame;
The silent joy that on my heart was shed,
Like some sweet star that lingered o'er my way,
The secret thought that all my footsteps led
And fashioned me by its controlling sway;
Forgive me, then, if now these pictured skies
I see reflected in thy soul-lit eyes.

V.

GLIMPSES.

WITH vision rapt, as toward the spangled skies
The lone astronomer doth bend his sight,
And nightly there, within the blue, espies
Each shining orb that gems the brow of night,
And finds his joy to note each changing view
That bursts upon his sight, a joy new-born,
And never tires, but finds his task more new,
Till o'er the hills there breaks the coming morn;
So doth my heart ne'er tire to gaze on thee,
Sweet star that Love has planted in my sky,
Which on my soul-lit disk I now may see,
And still in loving thee would draw more nigh!
Tires not while I recall thy looks and tones,
As shells their loves within their sea-washed cones.

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VI.

THE SHRINE.

WHAT joy is thine that through thy spirit flows,
The gift that nature gave thy generous mind,
A woman's soul that through thine eyelids glows,
Where truthfulness and beauty sit enshrined;
And these so tempered in so fine a mould
That there sweet Poesy may claim her bower,
From whose fair shrine there spring such sweets untold,
The rich aroma of thy soul's sweet flower,
That round thy form an atmosphere there seems
To make all hearts for seeing thee more fair,
Through which the beauty of thy spirit gleams
Like star-light through the pure translucent air;
And thus entranced I go from seeing thee,
More worshipful, those rays had met in me.

VII.

REPOSE.

THINK me not, Rose, grown cold, or love thee less,
Than first I learned to bless and speak thy name;
When to our lips our words more freely came,
All fraught with thoughts of hope and tenderness.
It is because I love thee more, that we

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Before our window pane, in twilight hour,
Now sit entranced, or 'neath our tangled bower
We silent sit and list the melody
Of running streams that murmur at our feet.
My joy is full, our hearts together chime,
While all our thoughts translate themselves in rhyme,
And thus the circle of our joys complete;
What need of words to break the soothing spell,
To speak what silent lips can better tell?

VIII.

ABSENCE.

HOW dark the Night, when 'neath her dewy eyes
No meek-orbed stars adorn her princely robes,
But hung with clouds, the still and starless skies
Forget the royal pomp that gilds their globes!
The king had gone, but only clouds concealed
The view that kept the bridal stars from sight;
For deep within, his royal heart revealed
The living flames that kept those fires so bright,
That though concealed from sight, in glittering cars,
With golden lance and banners wet with dews,
Did light proceed to kindle up the stars,
And kept them glowing with their crimsoned hues;
And thus thy name reveals the joys I feel,
That time and absence would in vain conceal.

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IX.

LOVE UNIVERSAL.

THE love the soul may nurse can never die,
Nor does it here in partial circles play;
True love is deep, expansive as the sky,
And has immortality for its day.
There is a love the flower doth bear the star,
That brooks and rills must cherish for the rain,
When night bedecks the sky, or when afar
The dripping clouds hang lingering o'er the plain;
But only flowers can mate with flowers, and cloud with rill,
And suns with suns, and stars with stars must chime;
Echo answers echo, and hill to hill,
And leaf to bud and bud to blossom rhyme—
Yet each with voice and perfume fills the air,
And loving all, loves Him, who made them fair.

X.

THE FAREWELL.

ONCE more thy music dies upon my ears,
Like distant waves upon the sea-washed shore;
My soul is hushed, and now in silence hears
The parting voice it ne'er may listen more;
But still my moistened heart within doth lie
Like grass and flowers beneath the sheltered wood,

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Through which the falling rain-drops from the sky
  Between the leaves invade the solitude.
Ah! ne'er, though seas may roll 'twixt thee and me,
  And life bewilder by its toil and care,
Can I forget the good thou wert to me,
  Or Love the blended sweets it used to share:
Forgive the hand that thus in silence bore
The torch no other soul may kindle more.

XL.

EXPLANATION.

THUS have I mused and breathed in humble verse,
  The rose-leaved thoughts that to these rhymes belong;
Thus lonely sung, as birds their notes rehearse
  Though none may listen to their simple song.
It was not mine to act the lover's part,
  And pour the words that they alone may feel;
But oft I've silent nursed within my heart
  A love my timid soul could not reveal!
That past how dear! a templed hall I tread
  That angel thought around my soul has reared,
And oft I go and to the shrine I'm led
  Where some sweet love that friendly past ensphered;
And thus around my lonely path I throw
A gleam of light that even I may know!

1850.

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A FIREMAN'S ADDRESS.

ALL hail! sweet harp, while o'er thy tuneful strings
The poet's hand his humble garland flings—
All hail! for thou dost give the tribute due
To all that's good and beautiful and true;
Thy rhythmic tones are welcome as they fall
As dew-drops are unto each leafy hall!
As welcome to our feasts as in the choir,
When unto God we raise our voice and lyre;
As welcome e'er within the cotter's walls,
As when they flow within scholastic halls.

My theme to-day—this festal day of yours,
To noble thoughts my willing soul allures;
We meet to-day, not as the soldiers meet,
In deadly fight, their foe beneath their feet;
This joyous day, this freeman's ample tent,
Encircle men with no such rude intent.
And though each arm we raise, each breast we brave,
In manly strength we challenge but to save!
To see what arm is strongest in the fight
When, worse than human foe, with fearless might
The red-hoofed steed with blazing chariots roll,
And wrap our homes within their winding scroll;
With blazing torch and rushing tones advance,
More fierce than voice of war or soldier's lance,
While fiercer still the living fire ascends,
And o'er the burning pile pale Terror bends;
And fierce Revenge with lurid eye looks on,
And wildly laughs while bleeding hearts are torn.

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But list! what voice is this that cries aloud?
A shriek is heard! and, frantic-struck, the crowd
Look up, the ladder trembles, and the walls
Are falling one by one: but Duty calls!
With manly hearts and nerves like living steel—
For hands are found wherever hearts may feel—
A fireman mounts, and soon within his arm
He bears a form untouched by wrong or harm—
A woman's form, or child's with laughing eye,
Heedless as blossoms of a wintry sky,
And 'midst the cheers that fill each grateful heart,
In safety now their trembling forms depart.

O holy love! that prompts to deeds like these,
That fears not flood, nor fire, nor rolling seas,
But where the burning flames in madness blaze,
Or rushing winds the rolling waves upraise;
Where wrecks on land or sea, or helping hand
May call, can summon there the angel-band
To do, to suffer, or to die, to bless;
O holy love, and Heaven-born tenderness!
O happy Earth! if all thy children strove
To find sweet Wisdom's paths—the paths of Love;
To see what hands the lowly seeds might sow
That round our homes their sweetest perfume throw,
Or pluck the most of weeds that choke the way
Where Joy's pure rills in gushing fountains play;
That strive the most to quench the rising flame
That blackens o'er that best—a brother's name;
That wraps the world in clouds of fire and smoke,
And smites the earth, as 'neath the battle's stroke

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The fields lie parched, the plains with crimson wet,
Where once the Rill, the Rose, and Lily met.

No smoke to-day ascends from hill or field ;
To Commerce now our conquering arms we yield,
To star-eyed Peace we bring our rhythmic lyre,
While hushed is Sorrow's voice and Passion's fire.
To Science now our willing feet are led,
Water we throw instead of melted lead,
And thus we quench the lurid flames that rise
And hide our faces from the smiling skies.
The conqueror's fame in winding robes we lay,
His garlands fade before the coming day.
For Labor now our willing hearts revere,
The heart's true king, to freemen's hearts so dear.
To labor then we raise our thoughts and songs,
And plead its joys, its blessings, and its wrongs,
For all that makes this earth a place so blest,
And gives to life its flavor and its zest.
We like its noise, the voice of stream and bird,
The whispering leaves, the low of distant herd ;
The sound of waters from the gurgling rills,
The whistle shrill that echoes o'er the hills ;
The farmer's flail, the ploughboy's rustic song,
As through the lane he careless jogs along ;
The tinkling bells of cattle in the fields,
The social tones that yonder cottage yields ;
O music sweet and dear to every heart
Wherever founts of thought and feeling start !
For in those tones all notes of sweetness blend,
And o'er those scenes the Loves and Graces bend.

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And water bright, we sing thy praises too,
That falls in rain and in the mountain dew ;
That fills the streams and make their banks run o'er,
And piles the sand along old Ocean's shore ;
That turns the wheels that make the spindles fly,
That lifts the wave and piles the billows high.
Each little flower that blooms upon the field,
Doth love the clouds and drink the drops they yield ;
The tasselled corn, the golden wheat look up,
And share the drops of thy o'erflowing cup ;
While fish and beast, and all that breathe the air,
Thy common bounty and thy blessing share.
Life-stream and current of the earth thou art,
Fair type of Truth, whose silent rivers start,
And gushing 'neath the crystal throne above,
Flow on through circles of eternal Love.
To Peace enshrined, with Purity ye blend,
To Health endeared, to Industry a friend ;
An angel moves upon thy healing wave,
Bethesda still art thou, to heal and save.

There's fire whose flames around our dwellings roll,
There's fire that burns the graces of the soul,
That runs in madness through each living vein,
And gives to Death the terror of its reign.
For fires without and fires within that glow,
No better friend than water springs we know ;
Then blessing on the clouds that blessing fall ;
All blessing on the fount that blesses all !
To labor then, we pledge each heart and hand,
And from the streams that rhyming through the land,

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Attune the soul to nature's soothing voice,
We quench our thirst and bid our hearts rejoice.
And like those rills that through our meadows flow,
Refreshing all as on their waters go,
Reflecting in their breast the blue above,
And bearing to the sea its tale of love;
So pure within that not a thought has birth
But brings some blessing to the waiting earth;
So pure our lives, no partial ties we call,
While clouds distill and water runs for all.
A brother see, a hand we'll give to save
Wherever sin or wrong may make a slave;
In Europe's courts, in lands accursed by chains,
Or in our own—where'er oppression reigns.
And as the rivers rush unto the sea,
And lose themselves in its immensity,
While o'er its breast a life springs up anew,
And more sublime than e'er before they knew,
Now joining lands that owned no friendly scope,
And bearing up the nations' wealth and hope;
So as our thoughts to that one centre bend
Where all of love and power and wisdom blend,
A life sublimer far than seas may know
Shall greet us here as to that source we go.

O happy country ours! where hearts like these,
Erect and stalwart as our northern trees,
In virtue schooled, in friendship's chain are found,
In love's sweet name, to love's sweet cause are bound;
By wisdom taught in wisdom's ways to go,
Where peace abounds and pleasures ever flow.

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Then welcome all! unto the brim now fill
The cup of joy with nectar from the rill;
The cheerful word now pass from lip and heart,
And kindly thoughts from their deep fountains start,
Till hearts run o'er as do the stars with light,
And every eye shall brighten at the sight.

1852.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

Delivered before the Dashaway Association, San Francisco, Sunday evening, December 1, 1861.

IN every land the Poet has his seat,
Where he his humble verses may repeat;
While listening crowds will gather round to hear,
And raise a smile—perchance a falling tear.
Sometimes he sings of love, in rhythmic lays,
Beside his lady's feet, her eyelids praise;
Sometimes in sacred hymns he breathes his lays,
And lifts to God the grateful words of praise;
In organ notes the swelling sound prolongs
The praise of Him to whom all praise belongs.
And when to arms his country's cause he hears,
And war bursts forth upon his listening ears;
When rifled guns and booming cannon roar,
And hungry vultures o'er our armies soar;
When Treason shrieks and fills our stricken land,
To arms his verses call and nerve the soldier's hand.

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To arms ! to arms ! repeats the startling cry,
Till southward still our noble eagles fly ;
And high o'er all our starry banners wave
O'er freedom's land and foul rebellion's grave.

'Tis not of war the Poet speaks to-night,
Nor is it love that fills his eyes with light ;
He speaks of blight far wider than the land
Where horses with their stricken riders stand ;
Where forests vast in splintered timbers rest,
Like fallen plumes upon a monarch's breast ;
With cultured fields of corn and sheaves bereft,
And nothing but the bladeless hillocks left ;
Where orchard trees no more their blossoms yield,
No voice of robin in the distant field ;
No nestlets hanging in the trembling leaves,
No twittering swallow 'neath the shady eaves ;
Where now the spearless ground and broken earth
Speak of the pangs that gave fair Freedom birth.

Nor is it love that sleeps 'neath Cupid's wings
And like the nightingale its passion sings ;
That lives on dew the roses' leaves distill,
And drinks the nectar that the moments fill ;
It is not love that breaks the knightly lance,
And brooks not smiles from a rival's glance ;
But love that in its ample folds embrace
Our country, God, and next the human race.

'Tis evening now, the Sabbath hour of rest,
The dove of peace is nestling on each breast ;

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The streets are still, the hour of rest has come,
The evening bells have ceased their pleasant hum.
The midnight hours approach—see yonder now,
A woman's form, how pale her troubled brow!
Beside the window pane her eyelids wait
To watch the opening of the cottage gate.
The pale stars come and go, the moon sweeps by,
But naught she hears except the watchman's cry.
Past twelve o'clock, the dial figures show,
And on the hearth the dying embers glow.
Alone she sits, how cold the air and chill!
How death-like all, the weary hours how still!
The shadows come and go upon the cottage walls,
Yet round the dreary door no footstep falls.
"He comes not yet, my weary heart shall fail,
Oh! see my child, its lips, how cold and pale!
Why does he stay? What binds his stalwart feet
That once outran the mountain reindeer fleet?
What keeps his hand away from latch and door?
His safe return our weary hearts implore."
The hours pass on, the morning light appears;
Behold that widow's form—in vain her tears.
By yonder church behold each new-made grave,
To God return the spirits that He gave.

All o'er this earth, as thick as autumn leaves,
Are homes so drear and sad, and graves like these.
And yet we sleep while viewless through the air,
Ten thousand gloomy spectres sit and stare,
And mock at man and at his folly cry,
While to each heart comes up the question, Why?

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Why pass you then the sparkling wine-cup round,
If 'neath its beads the serpent's fangs are found?
Why pass the sparkling liquid to the lip,
If round the glass is pressed the viper's grip?
Excitement call you to the burning draught,
And all thy feelings to its fountains waft?
Then turn to nature and in fields and streams,
Taste the pure joys that contemplation yields.
The streams will teach you, as they pass along,
To join them in their joyous chant and song.
The trees, that blossom in the dewy fields,
Whose grateful shade the weary traveller shields,
Will teach you thus the pilgrim heart to cheer,
To seek the lost and dry the orphan's tear;
And guide your thoughts—heavenward the feelings tend
To where all hopes and prayers in beauty blend.

"And why should I my ruby glass forego?
My brother's keeper? No, I'm not, you know.
I'll not my rights and blessings sign away;
I live to live, and to enjoy each day.
This life is poor at best; and while I can,
I'll take my ease—I know no better plan."
But who are you that thus so wisely talk?
Look at yon oak that shades the pebbled walk.
'Twas once a tiny thing—an acorn fell,
And now its leaves the passing traveller tell,
How faithfully it grew each day to be
In all the forest wide the monarch tree!
Look at yon streams that onward press their way,
That love the sunlight and with its shadows play:

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High up 'mid mountain crags and cooling shade,
Behold the fountain that the rivers made;
A trickling rill next treads the mountain sides;
That fills the rivers—to the ocean glides.
'Tis not the glass, that last the tippler takes,
The first glass always thus the drunkard makes.
First comes the seed and next the blades appear,
Next the full corn that fills the ripened ear.
First comes the babe, whose fair and twinkling eyes
Reflect the joys that in its bosom rise.
What mother, then, that clasps her darling child,
Can picture in that face so sweet and mild
The forms that live within the tempter's eye,
As spreading leaves within their blossoms lie?

Why should not you your brother's sorrow share,
And for his wants provide your thought and care?
Where do you live? What land gave you your birth?
How came you here upon this toiling earth?
To none owest thou a debt of love or gold,
And naught to give for all this wealth untold?
Then go to climes where sun nor star shall glow,
Where tempests blow and drifting falls the snow;
And where no plow has tilled the blooming land,
And no soft winds the dewy meadows fanned;
Where balmy air and fragrant flowers are none,
And no sweet streamlets to their rivers run;
Where patriots lived not, and human love is hate—
Then come and of thy rights and pleasures prate!
Let praise ascend to God! He gave us birth,
And planned our homes upon this blooming earth;

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He gave the cattle on the thousand hills,
And for their thirst the waters of the rills.
He gave us prophets wise whose tongues were flames,
And patriots whose words have carved their names
Where liberty sits and with uplifted hand,
Now sways her sceptre o'er a mighty land.
He gives us fields, and rain and falling dew,
And meadows wide with streamlets running through.
He made the law—the hands alone that toil
The harvest reap that cheers the teeming soil;
That he best lives who others aids; the rain
The sky shall weep, the sun returns again:
And he that takes from other hands their chains
Unclasps some habit that his soul enchains;
Who lifts unto his brother's lips the cup,
On nectar lives and with the angels sup;
Who pours the oil of joy in others' hearts,
Unto his own a holier joy imparts.
Each dollar, too, we give for Love's sweet sakes,
Enriches most the soul that gives, not takes.
And there are those, though rich, yet still in need,
And those we now call poor, yet rich indeed;
The one may own the land where he may lie,
The other owns the landscape and the sky.
And there are those whose heads and hearts agree,
Though rich in gold yet rich in grace may be.

To-night, beyond the mountain—by the sea,
Encamped in tents our noble armies see;
Another cry still calls us to the fight,
Yet not to carnage, but for truth and right;

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Around our souls our milk-white tents to rear,
And angel guides to be forever near;
When'er the tempter comes with winning smiles
And with his arts the willing heart beguiles,
To dash the cup, to free the captive hand,
And bless again our own, our stricken land.
And then another corner-stone* we'll lay
In hope and trusting for a better day;
Now one by one the noble walls arise,
And catch the lustre of the bending skies;
Fair Eden blooms, the flaming swords dissolve,
And heavenward swells the high resolve:
No more we'll pass the wine cup round to sip,
Or lift the sparkling liquid to our lip.
We'll strive for man, for those who weary roam,
And seek to bring the lost, the erring home.
The happy pairs return in peace again,
Again begins on earth the heavenly reign;
For where fair Temperance springs there comes each grace,
Truth, Love, in turn Religion bless the race;
Along the blooming banks the streams pass by,
And mirror back their own, their native sky.

Hail! brothers, hail! who nightly crowd this hall,
Who nobly come and stand at duty's call,
Whose beacon towers o'er the tossing wave,
Whose motto is, We battle but to save!

*The Dashaway Association had just laid the corner-stone of their new edifice.

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Is Temperance good? Go ask the man the charm—
Whose Master's voice restored his withered arm;
Go ask the lame he made to walk upright;
The blind, his touch restored to health and sight;
Then ask what power gave truth and love their birth,
And spread their fame throughout the waiting earth.

In yonder isle that gems the distant sea,
Ascends a soul that made the bondman free;*
'Tis said, as now he seeks the spirit-land,
He bears a million shackles in his hand.
What signs of triumph shalt thou meekly bear?
What cross of noble toil, what crown of care?
When thou before the Lord of love shalt go,
What deeds recite, what victories shall show?
Go seek some gold in earth still buried deep,
Some crystal gems that still in silence sleep,
And make a casket fit for angels' eyes,
To bear thy gift when thou shalt seek the skies.
In it with prayer thy sacred gift now place,
A human heart restored, to bless our race.
'Twill bear thee up above the darksome wave—
IN SAVING OTHERS THOU THYSELF SHALT SAVE!

* Wilberforce.

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THE OAK AND VINE.

A FABLE.

A LITTLE vine an acorn met
That just began to grow;
And said to him, "Be not an oak,
But be a vine so low.

"Lift not thy head in sinful pride
To yonder jeweled sky,
But dwell on earth an humble thing,
And own the One most high.

"Oh! put not forth thy branches strong,
And brave his sovereign power,
But be a vine whose dewy flowers
Embalm the passing hour.

"And seek some humble nook to dwell,
And climb some lowly wall,
To be a graceful vine like me,
And not a tree so tall."

The acorn would not hear the vine,
And grew a stately oak,
And lived to smile upon the storm
And brave each lightning stroke.

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The traveller often stopped, and 'neath
His branches weary sunk,
And e'en the vine I found one day
Entwining round his trunk.

The old stone wall, that long had been
Her simple humble stay,
Had crumbled 'neath the touch of time,
And mouldered into clay.

All torn and bleeding then the vine
Was waving in the air,
The wind was sporting by in mirth
All heedless of her prayer.

At length she humbly sought the oak,
And twined her garland braid,
And found protection in his strength,
And beauty in his shade.

She little knew the living Soul,
In whom we raise our hymn,
That he who truly trusts himself
Most truly trusts in Him.

1852.

Digitized by Google

REVERIE.

I'M blest with life; joy fills my veins
As do their brimming founts the rains
That overflow the hills and plains.

I'm blest with thought; a soul to see
Each varied truth and harmony
That blooms alike for you and me.

I'm blest with friends; to whom I look,
As blossoms rest in some sweet nook
Upon the bosom of a brook.

I have a home to which to fly,
That e'er is imaged in my eye;
Oh! had but all such homes as I!

And thoughts I have; a fond ideal,
Where blight ne'er comes, nor thieves may steal,
And though unseen, for that more real!

All nature on me waits and yields
Her gift of flowers, of stream, and fields,
And all my cares and doubting heals.

Nor less to me her love she shows,
That unto all her blessing flows;
For each, for all, her blossom grows.

Digitized by Google

And when in grief I hear a call,
God's own right arm will save my fall,
Can bear me up, my cross, and all!

And though I live on land or sea,
As God loves all, he so loves me,
And thus his love has set me free!

1852.

IN A VALLEY SWEET AND LOWLY.

IN a valley sweet and lowly,
Glides a streamlet on its way;
There it murmurs rich and slowly,
Half in thought and half in play.

On the bosom of that streamlet,
Dancing on the crystal wave,
Come the flowers, and by its margin
Birds retreat to sing and lave.

Rills from mossy rocks and fountains,
Trickling down the mountain's side,
Waltzing come with rhythmic footsteps,
Feeding there the crystal tide.

And the clouds that hover over
Drop a blessing on the stream;
On the grass and scented clover,
Drinking music from its dream.

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Still the stream doth tarry never,
Gliding on through dell and plain;
For unthinking, bent on duty,
Comes the dew and comes the rain.

And at night the stars do bless it
From the blue that they enshrine,
Where above they come and sparkle
And its breast they undershine.

1852.

ISABEL.

WE met one eve; I saw her leaning there,
As to my sight her form is pictured now:
In silken folds her rich and flowing hair
Hung trailing down her gently shaded brow;
Her head reclining on a naked arm,
A drooping bud upon its rose-like stem;
Her eyes, half-closed, concealed their inward charm
Beneath the blue within their fringe-like hem.

A moment more, I clasped her jeweled hand,
And drank the sunshine of her flashing eye,
And saw, within the sweet and dream-like land,
The star-like thoughts that gemmed her dewy sky.
My throbbing heart, a bird of fluttering wing,
Beat wildly 'gainst its warm and prisoned breast;
For such is Love, a sweet yet fearful thing,
E'en while we linger round its downy nest.

Digitized by Google

Like two sweet stars that dew-like flow in one,
And blend the beauty of each falling ray,
That 'mid the changes of the sky and sun
Go gayly waltzing through their milky-way;
Thus linked in twain, their joys and griefs the same,
All other loves, Love teaching them to shun,
Whose orbed-like hearts the passers-by exclaim,
"These are not two—they seem to us but one!"

So passed the hours as with each joy and fear,
With trembling hand I led my captive bird,
And in more free and sweet familiar cheer
The flutterings ceased that first her presence stirred.
In converse free, our joys and hopes the same,
The hours sped by without a thought or care,
While other lips had dared to speak a name
That by her lisped another would she bear!

There is a time for flowers to drop away,
When stars must fade before the gazer's eye,
When on the hills must rest the parting ray
That falls like crimson from the pensive sky;
And so the parting hour must come to all,
The hush that marks the close of harmony;
Yet like two rose leaves that together fall,
So sweet, yet sadly, came that hour to me.

1850.

Digitized by Google

THE HEART AND ITS ANGEL.

THE Heart awaits its Angel
To lead it to the Right,
Who knows its secret windings,
We all would see the light.

In prison-house of bondage
While we in darkness dwell,
We long for some sweet morrow
To light our gloomy cell.

We look from out our windows
To catch its first faint rays;
The morn that melts its gratings
And round our spirit plays.

We oft away would wander
As birds upon their wing,
As swallows round us hover
When joy awakes the spring.

We long for that bright morrow,
To crown this struggling life;
Oh! come to us, our Angel—
Our Poet, Teacher, Wife!

1850.

Digitized by Google

JENNY LIND.

A SONG for thee, sweet Nightingale! thy hand the harp hast swept
On which, through ages past, the cherub harmonies had slept,
Waiting a hand whose magic strings would yield to its control,
For every strain the harp awakes reveals the hidden soul.

O world within, that lies between our souls and God's above,
Whose beams are laid in music and whose dome is arched in Love,
'Tis thine, sweet Nightingale, to lisp, interpret into song
The thoughts that fill its palaces, and to that world belong.

When some sweet bird the summer brings enlivens groves and fields,
We know the clime that gave it birth, the beauty that it yields;
We hear the summer in its song, and from its dewy wing
There drops the fragrance of the flowers that there are blossoming.

Digitized by Google

So doth thy song reveal the world that round thy spirit lies,
That gushes forth in melody and glimmers through thine eyes;
Thou bring'st us glimpses here, to these low vales in which we dwell,
Of life within and life beyond, no other lips may tell.

"Welcome, sweet Nightingale! for thee our waiting hearts are bowers!"
Is now the voice that greets thee from these sweet homes of ours;
To lands of snow nor lands of fruit dost thou alone belong,
All hearts and tongues now blend in one, to hail thee—Queen of Song!

1849.

WHAT HATTIE

MAY BE SUPPOSED TO SAY ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE!

IT was for thee I left my native shore,
And friends and home that meet my sight no more;
The foaming waves, the restless tide and sea
Were naught to tempt my heart away from thee.

Digitized by Google

Though billows rolled—the sun refused its rays,
Swift sped the hours and golden sped the days ;
For love had painted bright the darkest sky,
And imaged thee where'er I turned my eye.

And now in wedlock bonds our hearts are bound ;
The branch that blossomed long, with fruit is found !
Transplanted here, where Hesper led my way,
May now our loves shine steady as its ray !
Thy name I take—though hard to speak it seems,
It still is linked with all my fondest dreams ;
And what care I though consonants are rife,
If known to thee by that sweet name of—wife !

1859.

LINES.

WE met, but for a while !
Thy melting eyes
Across me flashed like rays
Adown the skies.

I saw thee smile, a heaven
Was in that look !
Thy voice the music seemed
Of some sweet brook.

Digitized by Google

But like the star, that sank
Beneath the sea,
A brook that by us passed,
Thou wert to me.

Am I not better grown
Since then we met?
The good my soul drank in
Can I forget?

Does not the flower on which
Some star-lit ray
Rests tremblingly, and brooks
Have sung their lay,

Retain the beauty that
It drank so free?
That star and brook wert thou
That smiled on me!

1851.

THE SILVER LINING.

O NATURE fond! whose heart is true,
In sadness wrapt, I flee to you!

Your green-leafed trees and running streams
Shall lull my soul to pleasant dreams.

Digitized by Google

Your lap I seek—how soft the bed
To weary limbs and aching head !

Oh ! speak to me with voice so mild,
And lead me now, your loving child.

The nest I sought the wind has torn,
And like a bird of rest I'm shorn.

I strive to rise, I can not sing,
A bird I am of broken wing.

O Nature fond ! whose heart is true,
In sadness wrapt, I flee to you !

I saw the sower sow his seed,
In faith the blade would next proceed ;

That morning dew and falling rain
Would moisten hill and drench the plain ;

That sunshine, too, the days would bring,
And harvest time would follow spring.

I saw the dew the morning wept
That on the lily's bosom slept,

Whose fragrant leaves perfumed the air ;
It made that lily far more fair

Digitized by Google

Than all the flowers that graced the plain,
Which knew no dew nor falling rain.

And then to Hope I gave my fears—
An angel whispered in my ears:

"Come now in thought, and with me range
The fields and skies, and bless each change

"That visits you, though friendship's hand
Shall write her name upon the sand;

"Though 'mid the darkness of the night,
The beacon stars refuse their light.

"For God still lives, supreme his laws;
The rule is his—effects from cause.

"The fruit may fall upon the plain,
But blossoms come and fruit again;

"And flying southward, robins sing,
After the winter comes the spring;

"And where the fields are wrapt in snows,
Some gentle hand shall pluck the rose."

1858.

Digitized by Google

A FACTORY VILLAGE AT NIGHT.

ON yonder stream, a thousand lights
With silver, gold, and crimson tipped,
Danced gayly on its rippled breast;
The factory bell in water dipped,
Its tones pealed forth o'er hill and vale,
And to its loud and lengthened call,
A group appeared and filled each path
Around each high and dusky wall.

It was a fairy scene, this life
Reflected by the colored beams—
The many forms that went and came,
As figures come and go in dreams;
The lights that danced upon the wave,
The stars reflected from their blue,
The landscape wide, and towering walls
That there entranced me with their view.

Near by, a plot of graves I saw,
That sloped beneath their moon-lit shade—
A new-made mound, and grass and flowers
Just tumbled by the sexton's spade;
And o'er this stranger grave I wept,
And all the griefs of those that toil,
The many hopes that blossom here,
The lordly hands of time despoil.

Digitized by Google

I gazed once more ; the evening lights
Had faded from that fairy scene,
And naught was heard except the wail
Of that sweet stream that rolled between ;
As though it held within its breast
The griefs the walls had imaged there,
And pouring them in low complaint,
So sadly to the listening air.

1849.

SPRING AND CHILDHOOD.

OLD Winter, with his blighting blasts and chills,
Has gone at last, and o'er the fields and hills
Has gathered up his flowing robes, that hid
The grass and flowers beneath his icy lid ;
And now the fields with verdure start anew,
And ancient streams their solemn chants renew,
While from their darkened homes the plants look up,
And on their stems engraft their dewy cup—
That vestal urn in whose baptismal dew
Is orbed the image of its native blue ;
The birds with music fill the listening wood,
And trickling rills invade the solitude ;
The youthful year now greets the smiling earth,
And countless buds are bursting into birth.

Thus spring and childhood clasp each willing hand,
And rhyming go throughout the dewy land.

Digitized by Google

Mark how the dust and stains the earth had worn
Now disappear beneath this vernal morn ;
Where blood had flown, and war and carnage rife,
No blade is left to tell the angry strife ;
No wind has tarried long the tale to tell
To listening founts and fairy woods and dell ;
But on their stems, beneath baptismal snow,
The Spring's young buds and fresher blossoms grow.
So childhood comes—perpetual springs unfold ;
Go bring your myrrh, your frankincense and gold !

1849.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

HOW fondly yet I look to thee,
My old paternal home !
Though oft my feet may wander far,
My heart can never roam :
For shall the flower forget the seed ?
The bird forget its nest ?
Then how can I forget the roof
So imaged in my breast ?

How oft in twilight's pensive hour
And in the busy street,

Digitized by Google

I'm thinking of my childhood's home
I pattered with my feet!
And then I am a boy once more,
A boy of tearless eye;
My father was my playmate then,
As much a child as I.

Ah! well do I remember too
The songs he used to sing,
To shed the sunshine round my heart
Where now sweet memories cling!
And how he used to speak of home
When once he was a boy—
The thoughts he had, the things he did,
His tales of grief and joy;

Until the tear within his eye,
That toward the Past was turned,
Did nurse within my heart the love
That in his bosom burned.
The homestead old, the cherry tree,
His childhood's happy dreams;
The old stone well, the village school,
Were then my father's themes.

And well do I remember too
The love I used to share,
When such a tiny boy I was—
My mother's only care.

Digitized by Google

How 'neath her love I shelter found,
As 'neath an angel's wing,
And how she nursed my hopes, that then
Began their blossoming.

And how unconscious by their love
Each thought and feeling grew,
Twin flowers that bloom within the soul
An unity in two!
And when to manhood I had grown,
I saw her honest joy
In gazing on the future sky
That dawned upon her boy!

How in the garden of their love
New flowers inhaled the light,
New sharers of our household joys
Where all before was bright;
But two of them are gone before,
A little bud and rose,
Transplanted in the spirit-land
Where God's own river flows.

How fondly yet I look to thee,
My old paternal home!
Though oft my feet may wander far,
My heart can never roam;
For shall the flower forget its seed?
The bird forget its nest?
Then how can I forget the roof
So imaged in my breast?

1851.

Digitized by Google

THE POET.

THINK not the Poet's gift is vain,
And paints as things unreal,
What has no being but in thought,
In fancy's fair Ideal.

There's naught in Thought, how bright so e'er
The thought within doth gleam,
But shall in greater splendor rise
Than any fairy dream!

The poet's gift is prophecy,
By inspiration sealed;
He knows the thoughts the lilies teach,
And which the streamlets yield.

Each bird that pours its carols out
Within its shelt'ring trees,
Each flower that with its dewy lip
Doth kiss the South-Land breeze;

The rains and dew, the rill and cloud
That overhang the skies,
Bear some sweet message to his heart,
Or beauty to his eyes.

Like tree or vine that treasure up
The dew within their shoots,

Digitized by Google

And breathe their poems in their flowers,
And in their rhyming fruits ;

The spirit, too, may flower as well
As vine, or plant, or tree ;
That flowering is its peaceful thoughts
It breathes in poesy!

To know the poet's gift, when true,
Go ask the bird or tree,
The texture makes the leaf or flower,
Foretells the melody.

In Wisdom's soil his thoughts must grow,
And nursed by Love each hour,
Till dew and sunshine blend in one
And form within the flower.

Thus thought in God expands in worlds,
Deny it those who can!
And poems all are trees and flowers,
Th' unfolded soul of man.

1850.

GOD SPEED THE PLOW!

A LIFE amid the fields,
What noble joys it yields
To those who toil!

Digitized by Google

Who love the spreading tree,
The growing corn to see—
The teeming soil.

How sweet the fields appear
In all the varied year—
The tender shoot:
The new-mown scented hay,
Where robins skip and play,
The bud and fruit;

The rain that fills the rills,
The sheep upon the hills
That tread the maze;
And in the peaceful shade,
By spreading branches made,
Where cattle graze.

Oh! who so rich as he
With heart by toil set free,
The farmer's lot?
Where want and wasting care
Raise not their wailing there,
Within his cot.

Then welcome plow and toil,
A life upon the soil—
The dew-stained brow!
Their joys our lips will tell,
Once more the chorus swell,
"God speed the plow!"

1849.

Digitized by Google

TO DORA.

CHILD of a sunny brow!
Whose glossy hair
Is of the golden hue
Our autumns wear!

So full of innocence
Thy looks bespeak,
The angels' breath seems still
Upon thy cheek.

Thy eye reveals its home,
As does the dew,
For its sweet heaven is seen
Within its blue.

Thy heart is like a stream,
(So pure thy days,)
On whose translucent breast
The lily plays.

How near is heaven to thee,
Sweet child of ours!
As near the budding stems
Are to the flowers!

1848.

Digitized by Google

LOVE *vs.* WEALTH.

MARRY not for wealth,
  Whate'er thy lot;
For gold is but pelf
  Where love is not.

Stoop thou not to take
  A princess' hand,
If not for thy sake
  She'll by thee stand.

And take thou the maid
  Unto thy breast,
Whose true worth has made
  Her name caressed.

Marry thou for love,
  By truth be led;
Toil and look above
  For daily bread.

1859.

ASPIRATIONS.

OUR thoughts rush up like fountains
  To greet their native sky;
Like spray-drops round their margin
  That on the blossoms lie,

Digitized by Google

They oft return to nourish
Some half-blown bursting hope,
And give the soul a better,
A sweeter, wider scope.

And though through failing reached not
The home they sought—the skies,
We see between the spray-drops
The bow, expanded, rise.

1854.

THE CROSS.

BY THIS CONQUER.

WHEN storms assail, and darkness smites the soul;
When stars refuse their light, and billows roll;
When every cloud an angry look shall wear,
And every breeze shall speak of wild despair,
By this conquer.

When round thy soul the tempter's chain is thrown,
And in thy thoughts the seeds of strife are sown,
If then thou would'st thy struggling spirit free,
One look cast thou upon the smitten tree.
By this conquer.

Digitized by Google

When faithless friends shall turn from thee away,
And gentle eyes no longer cheer thy way,
Turn thou to Christ; and at his friendly call,
Thy tears shall cease, thy weary burden fall.
By this conquer.

When want and care sit lonely by thy side,
And doubt and trouble all thy thoughts betide;
Then to the cross, if thou shalt turn thy face,
Thy grief shall vanish in that sweet embrace.
By this conquer.

Its tranquil light shall gladden every hour;
The burdened soul shall own its healing power;
And when the angels beckon from the sky,
Its beams alone can cheer the closing eye.
By this conquer.

1855.

ALL ARE HERE.

THE flowers have come, the grass creeps up the hills,
And paints the valleys with their living green;
While dawning day each opening blossom fills
With sacred dew that night has wept unseen.

The maiden to her garden goes this morn,
And finds the buds that bloom in sweet surprise;

Digitized by Google

Lo here, where once her bordered plot was shorn,
Her well-remembered plants in beauty rise.

Now all are here, though some on withered stems
Did lowly bow their drooping heads and die;
How meekly now they wear their diadems
And greet the sunlight with rejoicing eye!

And as she names the blossoms as they ope,
And spread their new-born beauty to her eyes,
She hears the voices of the angel, Hope,
And thinks of those transplanted in the skies.

1854.

EPITAPH.

THE body is the Housé
In which we live,
Which to the Earth, in Death
We freely give.

And death is but the Gate
Of Destiny,
A Triumph-Arch, through which
Our Heaven we see.

Most precious Dust, O Earth!
Is this we yield,
That 'neath thy grass and flowers
Thy love may shield.

Digitized by Google

And while in Temples fair
Our hopes find rest,
We'll write our Faith in flowers
Upon his breast.

As while the rain-drops fall
The bow appears,
The Pearly Gates are seen
Through falling tears.

1849.

LINES.

I LOVED thee, like a timid fawn
That nestled on my breast,
Which sought its shelter from the storm,
From tumult and unrest;
Thou hadst no thought I did not know—
For none thou hidd'st from me,
And not a thought within me rose,
I could not speak to thee.

And yet we seldom spoke our love,
Unless the eyes can speak;
Those dewy orbs of mellow light,
That glistened on thy cheek.
How oft thereto I've turned my heart,
As upward to a star,
From which thy soul seems beaming through,
A torch-light from afar.

Digitized by Google

Those orbs, how still and silent now,
That once in beauty rolled,
That heart that beat beneath thy breast,
How tranquil and how cold!
The dew of death is on thy lip,
And mantles on thy brow,
And all the scenes that fancy wrought,
Have faded from me now.

Green be the grass that lowly bends
Above thy silent bed,
And soft the winds that kiss the flowers
That bloom around thy head;
While oft in thought my heart will roam,
Where love and sorrow meet;
And seek thee in the violets' breath,
That blossom at thy feet.

And see thee in the silent stars,
With chaste and beaming eyes,
And hear thy footsteps when the dew
Is falling from the skies.
All beauteous things shall speak of thee,
Because to thee allied,
And where fond mem'ry builds her tent,
I will with thee abide.

1845.

Digitized by Google

LEBANON SPRINGS.

HOW sweet are the waters that gush from the mountain,
And, gliding in streamlets around the green earth,
Bear freshness and verdure to hill-side and valley,
And give to the flowerets their beauty and birth;
How sweet round the green mossy fountain to linger,
As sparkle its waters with many a beam,
The nectar to quaff of the dew-laden vessel,
Of diamonds that melt in the sweet flowing stream.

The invalid lies on their pearly gemmed bosom,
And plunges his form in the pure crystal wave,
And sports like a dolphin with life-giving motion,
As over his bosom the pure waters lave;
He rises refreshed like the sun from the ocean,
And gives to the streamlet each bitter wrung tear,
He clambers the hill-side with newness of being,
And bounds o'er the fields like a fleet-footed deer.

The bright cherubs of health have moved on the waters,
And in their pavilions have fixed their abode;
The multitudes throng them and leave their diseases,
And throw from their shoulders their cumbersome load.
At noon and at evening the roadside is filling
With strangers and pilgrims from many a shore,
Who flock to the waters with joy overflowing,
As multitudes flocked to Bethesda of yore.

Digitized by Google

How sweet o'er the hills, their proud summit ascending,
To gaze on the valley that slumbers below,
And see the loved spot that in beauty reposes,
Where twining in garlands the pure waters flow.
I see it e'en now, and I think with emotion
The joy it then brought to my deep swelling breast,
The friends and the maidens who there gathered round me,
Of the thousands of earth the choicest and best.

My walks in the glen, by the stream that winds through it,
The green shaded cot at the foot of the hill,
Where embosomed with flowers, it smiles on the valley,
And looks with delight on its neighboring rill;
The view from my window that gazed on the mountain,
The feelings of sadness that caused me to part,
How well I remember, like scenes of my childhood,
As visions of beauty that visit my heart.

1844.

THE ANGEL HAND.

IN every joy there is a pain,
In every rose a thorn;
But still the brightest rose we see,
Beneath a cloud is born.

By rain and dew and smiles of day,
The earth is made more bright,

Digitized by Google

And clearer are the twinkling stars
That gem the darkest night.

Then let me fold my heart in peace,
And take the bitter cup,
Then shall I see the angel hand,
And with the angels sup.

When wintry thoughts will chill my heart,
Let this afford relief,
That He who warms the earth with snow,
Can calm the soul with grief.

1850.

THE INNER MANSION.

THE heart hath chambers fair,
A mansion fair to greet,
And many things are there
To make the scene complete.

The walls sweet pictures grace,
And landscapes grand to see,
And many an absent face,
All dear to memory.

And niches, too, you'll find,
My household gods to hold,
With garlands round them twined,
The seers and bards of old;

Digitized by Google

And paintings of the real
Adorn each room and hall,
With fancy's fair ideal
And rainbow over all!

A garden, too, I own,
A vine to shelter me,
And flowers—some newly blown,
Sweet flowers of poesy!

Rich fields in which to roam,
And many a mountain path,
Lie smiling round my home—
This Inner-Country hath.

I love through field and hall
To hold a silent walk,
As voices round me fall,
When with the past I talk.

Oh! then it comes to me
How once I was a boy,
When time so sportively
Filled my young breast with joy;

When life was free and blithesome
As ever robin sings,
And sorrow came as lightsome
As dew upon its wings.

Digitized by Google

These childhood scenes are all
In pictures graven there,
Rich tableaux on the wall,
My childhood's pictured prayer!

And what if life has failed
To make this picture real?
In prophecy is hailed
A richer far Ideal!

Thus sunshine from above
Plays gently on the floor,
While Hope and Faith and Love
Are angels at the door.

1848.

A PARADOX.

A BROODING sadness o'er me steals—
A cloud that hides me from the blue,
And all the crystal stars conceals,
From my upturned and longing view.

A dismal night engulfs my soul
Of doubt, uncertainty and care,
And thoughts beyond its sweet control,
While closed seem all the gates of prayer.

Digitized by Google

For, ling'ring there, my orphaned thoughts
Stand knocking, seeming all in vain,
Oh! when shall they, by patience taught,
Return, rejoicing, back again?

Thus droops my heart beneath the night
That fills this dark and fearful hour,
That comes, like falling snow, to blight
Each warm, soft petal of the flower.

And yet I know each cloud doth seek
A blessing for the thirsty land—
The olive-branch, e'en while I speak,
Doth bud and blossom in my hand.

1850.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND SYDNEY SOUTHWORTH, WHO DIED AT SEA, ON BOARD THE BRIG GULNARE, BOUND TO CALIFORNIA.

THOU now art home, where fairer lands
Now ope before thy wondering soul,
Than those upon whose golden sands
Thou here didst seek to find thy goal;
No more does Hope delusive sway
A heart attuned to higher spheres,
Thy soul now drinks the living ray
That turns to gems thy falling tears.

Digitized by Google

Too pure wert thou for this dark scene,
To live amid its strife and care,
Yet deep within its living sheen
Thou hadst a soul to do or dare.
Allured by Art, by Beauty won,
Transfigured by the Future's sky,
A voice within did lead thee on
To where thy soul's sweet landscapes lie.

A thirst for Joy so strong hadst thou,
Of Harmonies that never sleep,
That when the storm-cloud made thee bow
Thou hadst a soul too proud to weep;
And when the world would jostle thee,
As though it had for thee no room,
Thou still an Inner World couldst see
That filled thy soul with sweet perfume;—

And thus with patience kept thy heart—
"The plant will flower in its time,
Ne'er from the roots the blossoms start,
All things in life must surely rhyme,"
Thy soul wouldst say, and drank the cup
That sorrow lifted to thy lip,
As brooklets drink the raindrops up,
Or violets their dewdrops sip.

And thus it seemed when on the Past
Thine eye looked back to scan it o'er,
"What good it had my soul now hast,
So in its mines I'll delve no more."

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His soul was ripe for that sweet land
That long had met him in his prayer;
Where wrecks are none upon the strand,
He finds his El Dorado there.

Our hearts are hushed as now we go
Where by his side the billows lave,
And as all solemnly and slow
They pillow him beneath the wave;
And yet in faith we look above
And listen not old ocean's moans,
But follow him on wings of Love
Where Hope keeps time with rhyming tones.

1850.

MY SPIRIT BRIDE.

HOW sweet to feel around our forms
Love's pure white folded arms,
Though viewless to the outward eye,
Yet all may own her charms!
She fills the heart with gentleness,
She makes our step more free,
She makes the heart as musical
As spring-birds on the tree.

The earth grows brighter 'neath her feet,
And blooms where'er she goes,
Where once the barren desert was
Now smiles the garden rose.

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My angel one! I see her now,
She e'er attends my soul,
Though stars in beauty shine o'er me,
Or waves around me roll.

I often in my pensive moods
Sit musing of my Love,
While twilight weaves her misty robes
And stars look down above;
I often think her loving form
And angel soul I see,
While fancy builds a rainbow bridge
That bears her feet to me.

I see her in my waking hours,
In all the paths I've pressed,
And often feel her loving head
Reclining on my breast;
Her eyes are beaming on me now,
So beautiful and bright,
Like dewy stars that sweetly glow
And cheer the sky at night.

I know she lives and waits for me,
And folds me to her heart—
That naught the spirit here unites
The world can ever part.
Perhaps she dwells 'mong angel groups;
E'en then I'd not repine:
On golden wings the hours speed by
That bear my soul to mine.

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I do not feel alone on earth,
For I can love her now,
And gently fold her to my breast,
And press her dewy brow;
And in my darksome hours she's near,
Is very near, I know,
And scatters blessings on my soul,
"Like rosebuds on the snow."

1846.

TO WACHUSETT.

(IN WINTER.)

THERE'S snow upon thy breast,
Where blossoms used to be;
The birds have left their nest
And ceased their melody;
Thy woods by wind are 'reft
Of every bud and leaf,
And thou alone art left
To muse upon thy grief!

No maidens come with flowers,
No children in their glee,
To cheer thy drooping hours,
And climb around thy knee!
Thy streams no music bring,
But all is silent there,

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Except the trees that fling
Their naked arms in prayer.

The snow's white winding-shroud
Is at the wind's behest;
But to each angry cloud
Thou bar'st thy manly breast;
For well Wachusett knows
What hidden germs lie there,
Beneath the mountain snows
And 'neath his boughs so bare.

What heeds Wachusett now
The lightning or the rain?
The clouds that smite his brow
And gather o'er the plain?
For well Wachusett knows
A future day shall bring,
In spite of wind and snows,
The blooming days of spring!

1845.

ROSALIE.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house adown the hill,
Near which in beauty flowed along
A sweet, meandering rill;
And oft in thought a pilgrim go,
Where still the cot is seen,
With little fences painted white
And shutters painted green!

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How oft when weary with my walk
And resting 'neath the shade,
I've watched the sylph-like form of her—
My simple, rural maid,
And seen her gliding 'mong the flowers
With step so light and free;
Oh! I was very dear to her,
And she was dear to me!

I remember, I remember,
The rosy-tinted hours
We passed in sweetness, locked in twain,
And told our love in flowers.
No brighter spot was there on earth,
The world we both forgot,
For there was world enough for us
Within our little cot!

But joy like music has a pause,
And so it proved with me,
For when my cup of bliss was full,
She died—my Rosalie!
I know she reached the blissful shores,
Although concealed from sight,
For when she passed their golden gates,
The stars increased their light!

I remember, I remember,
Through weary months and years,
The love that hallowed all my hours
And crystallized in tears;

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But when on those meek orbs I gaze,
New founts of feeling start,
Till fresh and sweet as years gone by
That love still warms my heart.

1850.

MUSINGS.

THE stars, how silent and how swift
They sail along the sky
And shed the splendor of their rays
On every lifted eye!
The little birds, how sweet they pour
Their strains upon the ear,
And in the songs they warble forth
No jarring note we hear.

The brooks, how free and clear the voice
That murmurs as they flow,
Waking rich strains of melody
Wherever they may go;
And see the flowers, the type of all
The Beautiful and True,
Hold up their tiny cups, and lo!
The skies fill them with dew.

While all around, in field or grove,
We hear the voices sweet,

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Now whispering gently in the air
Or gliding at our feet;
In every nook, in every vale,
Doth melody arise,
While Beauty sits queen-like o'er all,
In earth, in air and skies.

Then why are we so worn with care,
While stars and fields and flowers,
With Light and Beauty overflow
And fill the rosy hours?
Why should the brook, that liquid smile
On nature's sunny cheek,
Be happier far than you and I?
O brothers! let us seek.

All hail! the light is at the dawn,
And bathes a drooping world,
Oppression's rod is broken now,
And with the tyrant hurled;
And from their dismal thrones are swept
Old Discord, Grief, and Sin,
And from the rents that line their walls
The light is streaming in!

The New Jerusalem is near!
Behold the Good and True,
With busy hand now piling up
Each stone of polished hue:

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The pearly gates swing open wide
Before a waiting earth,
The joys we long have prophesied
Are bursting into birth.

The altar fires are burning now,
And leap from hill to hill,
And nations waking by the light
Their destiny fulfill.
All hail! the star that leads us on,
Whose music round us falls
And lingers in the Master's vine
That climbs the palace walls!

1849.

LINES.

TO WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

NOT spent
That inner light that glows
Within the heart, and throws
Its torch far in the distant day,
And tinges with its star-lit ray
The Will, the Thought and Deed
That will the nations lead
To come.

Digitized by Google

For He
Who sends the dew and rain
To drench each hill and plain,
And rears the prophet flowers to teach
The list'ning herb and grass, and preach
With fragrant lips a life
All free from Death and Strife,
Still lives,

And pours
His spirit through the rills
That Thought and Feeling fills,
And breathes through Poet's voice and lyre,
And glows within the prophet-fire
That burns on human hearts,
And Light and Joy imparts
To all.

Channing!
A prophet thou of Him
Whose word now burns so dim
And fades and glimmers on the soul;
Who hears the distant toll
Of discord and of sin,
Of wrong and error's din
On earth.

Welcome,
Thou prophet, priest, and man!
No sect or party ban

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Can chain the soul when once let free,
Or hush the strains of melody
That gush from lips like thine,
Preaching the life divine
To come.

1849.

WILLIE TO HIS BIRD.

"COME back! I miss thee from thy nest,
My sweet, my bonnie bird;
Come back and nestle on my breast!"
These were the words I heard,

As stood my Willie, with his eye
Bent toward a stalwart tree,
Where, filling all the fragrant sky,
It poured its melody.

"Come back, my little bonnie bird,
Why now from Willie stray?"
Was still the pleading voice I heard;
"Have I not, every day,

"Brought leaves, and food, and water too
To fill thy little well?

Digitized by Google

And plucked thee berries when they grew
In meadow, wood, and dell?

"And sat long hours and chirped with thee
In answer to thy song?
Why then so high upon that tree
Wilt thou now stay so long?"

All vainly there did Willie seek
His little bonnie bird,
Till trickling tears stole down his cheek,
And quenched the words I heard.

But Willie since has wiser grown;—
He keeps no cages now,
And loves far more, he'll fondly own,
The bird upon the bough.

And when the Spring's glad voice we hear,
And fills our joyous breasts,
And birds with songs the gardens cheer—
Begin to build their nests;

He loves to watch them skip along
Upon the daisied lawn,
And pouring forth their grateful song
To cheer the dewy morn.

Digitized by Google

Thus childhood's grief some moment fills,
Though trifles bid its tears to start.
And oft are manhood's pains and ills
But birds that leave the heart!

1849.

THE BUTTERCUP.

OF all the buds that bloom on earth
And toward the clouds look up,
Few have more charms, or richer lore
Than thou, sweet buttercup.

How oft in Summer's sultry hours,
When parched was every leaf,
I've seen this flower as seeming moist
As hearts that know no grief.

As bright and golden with the dew,
Erect upon its stem,
As though the clouds had just in showers
Adorned it with a gem.

And then beside that dusty way
I've mused on human life,
And thought of those who steadfast stand
Amid each scene of strife;—

Digitized by Google

Whose prophet-hearts, like this loved flower,
Disdained the tear and sigh,
But ever in whose fragrant thoughts
Revealed their hidden sky.

1852.

LOVE AND WEDLOCK.

"Marriage—the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

OH! what is Love? The angel hand that opes the gate
That leads the soul to heaven, where each with joy elate
On verdant banks inhales the fresh and dewy morn;
Where joys immortal bloom—in mortal hearts are born!
Beneath the earth recedes, while heavenly hills arise,
Whose crimsoned peaks that pierce the light, and kindling skies,
Invite the happy pairs 'neath bending branch and tree,
With voice of flute and all their charms of witchery.
In converse sweet the golden hours speed on, as fleet
As summer trips o'er hill and vale on viewless feet.

Wedlock! The gate through which the soul returns to earth,
With thoughts of life to which kind Heaven alone gives birth;
Beneath its genial sway the lovers' hearts expand
To loving care for altar, home, and fatherland.

Digitized by Google

The eye retains its vision of the passing hours,
Our robes the lasting fragrance of the balmy flowers;
While wife and meek-eyed children gather peaceful round
Where pleasant toil and home-born joys secure are found.
O Love! upon thy viewless wings I would arise,
Yet from thy blissful flight return to earthly skies!

1859.

MY VALENTINE.

I'VE been hunting, I've been hunting,
With Cupid by my side;
Not in meadow, not in wildwood,
Not by the flowing tide.
I've been hunting, I've been hunting,
Amid the sweetest flowers,
That waft their beauty to the heart,
When love perfumes the hours.

My arrow now is on its way,
It knows its mark right well!
My Cupid too away has fled
To bind or break the spell.
I have no bow, no arrow left,
And, shall I tell you true?
I would my Cupid might return
And bring a heart from you.

1859.

Digitized by Google

A SONG.

THE heart that lives alone shall die,
  Its narrow cell its scope!
Though friendly hearts may still be nigh
  And lips to whisper hope.
Like some frail flower that blooms afar
  Upon the burning sand,
That knows no dew nor passing shower
  That falls to bless the land.

Then let us live for friends so dear,
  For some fond heart and true,
And share the blessings sent us here,
  As blossoms share their dew;
And let each lad a lassie take,
  And let each heart expand,
As now we pledge for love's sweet sake,
  Each willing heart and hand!

1859.

THE GOLD DIGGERS.

THE sun is up, the crimsoned hills
  Throw back his golden beams,
And vale and dell drink in his rays;
  And through the woods the streams,

Digitized by Google

Scarce waked from sleep, to all around
Reflect each cheerful ray,
As now from sleep we ope our eyes
And greet the new-born day.

No slumbering eyes shall greet the skies
As from our tents we go;
With pick and spade we seek the spot
Our trusty feet well know:
Beneath the wave the gold we see
The sand has treasured there,
And which the earth in rocks and veins
Has long concealed with care.

Then speed the spade and speed the wheel!
The dross we give the tide,
As from above, by love's pure streams,
The heart is purified;
And cheerfully each day we'll spend,
For thus the tale is told,
That every minute as it flies
Pours out its grains of gold!

Then speed the spade and speed the tide,
And let the wheel go round!
The noise of toil and Nature's voice
Have e'er a pleasing sound;
And though the sea and hills and plains
Conceal our homes from view,
The gold we dig shall spread the board
And buy the cottage too!

Digitized by Google

And bosoms pure as lilies are
The precious ore shall wear,
When art by cunning hand shall shape
The cross they meekly bear;
And eagles swift with golden wings
Shall fly across the land,
And give to honest toil its meed,
And free the toiling hand.

1854.

TO WACHUSETT.

THOU monumental pile of days gone by,
When not a hamlet stood
To grace primeval wood,
Where naught was heard except the battle-cry
Of tempest and the breeze,
Or voices from the trees,
Upswelling their great anthem to the sky.

Long, long thou stood'st upon thy granite base
O'erlooking to the sea,
With vision clear and free,
Watching the billows foaming into lace,
Drinking the music deep,
That from his bosom leap,
And rising, one harmonious sound embrace.

Digitized by Google

The eagle came and sheltered on thy breast,
And found a beauteous home
O'er which to freely roam,
And from his flight a safe retreat and rest;
And there didst find his young,
Who to thy bosom clung,
And gemmed with dew their storm-defying nest.

The years unmarked by human footsteps sped,
But thou in greatness stood,
King of the sky and wood,
Thy beauteous life in perfect freedom led:
The flowers thy bosom sought,
The streams their tribute brought,
And stars came clust'ring round thy head.

At length the red man's trailing feet were heard
Amid thy forests drear,
The home of fleeting deer—
Thy pearly streams his swift canoe has stirred,
As on he sped his way,
In battle fierce array,
Or as he sought the forest's bounding herd.

Thou too hast lived to see the white man come,
A weak and feeble band,
Who fled from error's land,
And sought by thee for freedom's hosts a home;
Hast seen the red man fly
Beyond the white man's cry,
In distant lands the forests still to roam.

Digitized by Google

And yet thou art the same through changing years—
'Mid labor and unrest;
The clouds upon thy breast
Like children come and tell their tale in tears.
In sweet tranquillity
Thou livest still to see
The Age of Harmony,
To crown our many bleeding hopes and fears.

1843.

LINES.

THOU lovely spot, what visions rise,
And come at thy behest?
Thou little flower Wachusett wears
Upon his mountain breast.

Each fragrant path that winds thy hills,
Each pleasant grove I see;
Each scented field and pearly rill,
Each well-remembered tree;

My little cot that nestled there,
Behind its verdant screen—
Its little fences painted white,
And shutters painted green!

Digitized by Google

The church that on the hill is set,
Whose aisles my footsteps knew;
The lip, the heart, that strove to speak
The Beautiful and True;

Each joy I nursed within my heart,
That like a blossom grew;
Each tear that in my weakness came,
I well remember too.

'Twas there I saw the Future dawn,
The Past roll up her scroll,
Until thy name became to me
The Patmos of my soul.

O lovely spot! what visions rise,
And come at thy behest?
Thou little flower Wachusett wears
Upon his mountain breast!

1849.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

RETURNING from the woods, I found
An empty nest, one day,
Which gently from the ground I took,
And bore it home away.

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I thought of days the merry birds
Had spent to build their nest:
And many were the thoughts it brought,
I treasured in my breast.

I asked myself, What made their hearts
So very light and gay?
What made their souls so full of song,
The livelong summer day?

From morn till night, while many toil
With drooping, downcast look,
They gayly sing their joyous strain
Within their leafy nook.

"How long, how long, O Lord!" the sons
Of labor vainly cry,
While joyfully they chant and swing
Their nestlets in the sky.

Oh! wherefore must we toil and pine,
And make our lives so drear,
While birds are happy all the day,
With hearts so full of cheer?

I thought if we were like the birds,
Our world from discord free,
That we might make this life of ours
One gush of melody.

1851.

Digitized by Google

A RAINY NIGHT.

SO long as earth o'erflows with rills,
And passing clouds descend in showers,
We'll praise the drops Thy love distills,
For grateful man and beast and flowers.

Guard us our Father, guard to-night
When sleep shall close our weary eyes;
And when we greet the morrow's light,
Refreshed by slumber may we rise.

1852.

BE PATIENT.

THE harvest days must come at length—
The harvest days of toil,
When willing hands and joyful hearts
Shall reap the teeming soil.
The rose must have its time to bud,
The spring its time to bloom,
Then for this sure and trusting faith
Our waiting hearts, make room.

All things to come await their time—
The plant its time to flower,
The grass to grow, the tree to bud,
The clouds their time to shower.

Digitized by Google

Then bide thy time, O man of toil!
And e'er this lesson heed:
The harvest days shall come as sure
As flowers produce their seed.

1845.

LINES

TO MY LITTLE BROTHERS.

WHEN tired of books and ball,
Of stilts, jack-stones, and all
That serve to while away
Your time in cheerful play,
Oh! then remember me!

When at your daily fare
And next your father's chair
You find a vacant place
And miss a brother's face,
Oh! then remember me!

When softly on the ear
The Sabbath bells you hear,
And miss a brother's hand
Among your little band,
Oh! then remember me!

Digitized by Google

Amidst your childish glee
Oh! will ye think of me?
For if we love at heart,
We need not live apart.
Oh! then remember me!

1840.

GOOD NIGHT.

THE day is done, and shadows creep
Along the silent sky;
While beauty decks her starry brow,
And kindles in her eye.

The village lights are few and dim
That lit each cheerful home,
And from the tower the chime proclaims
The hour of rest has come.

The stilly night is now abroad,
And not a sound is heard,
Except the rustling of the leaves
Her gentle breath hath stirred.

The air, how calm and peaceful now!
Nature has sunk to rest,
And e'en the clouds with folded wings
Are slumbering on her breast.

Digitized by Google

Good night—a sweet good night to all!
A languor o'er me grows,
And silence broods o'er every scene,
Inviting to repose.

1852.

BENEATH THE CLOUD.

THIS world has much of sorrow,
Each heart its share of grief;
But there'll be joy to-morrow,
The longest night is brief.

Oh! bless each passing hour,
Speak not of life with scorn,
For e'en the fairest flower
Beneath a cloud is born.

We should not be faint-hearted
When trouble has its birth,
The sun when clouds are parted
With smiles bedecks the earth.

To trial it is given
To cleanse the soul from dross;
How oft the path to heaven
Is darkened by the cross!

1846.

Digitized by Google

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

LET sorrows come: adieu to fear,
For storms will have their birth,
And tears but beautify the heart
As dew adorns the earth.

Let clouds arise: is not the rain
On mercy's errand bent?
And do not storms soon pass away
When all their clouds are spent?

We can but fail: what if we fail
And sink to death's repose?
The Christian can as sweetly die
As fragrance leaves the rose.

Then, pilgrim, give the winds thy grief,
Let all thy fears be drowned;
Up toilsome hills, through lonely vales,
The cross is often found.

1846.

MY BROTHER.

THE sod is on thy breast,
Where thou hast found thy rest,
And silent sleep.
No storms can reach thee now
No grief that stains the brow
Can o'er thee creep.

Digitized by Google

Thy soul, now freed from clay,
Has winged its flight away
Beyond our sight,
Where angels wave the palm,
Where thought itself is balm,
And all is bright.

For so it seems to me,
The soul's great ministry
All doubt has hurled;
The dewdrops only die,
To bend their bow on high
With gems impearled.

And then again to earth,
Where sorrow has its birth,
In gentle showers
They all descend to bless,
In sweetest tenderness,
The dewy flowers.

E'en so to us oh! come
From thy sweet starry home
On wings of light;
For sorrows o'er the soul
Like billows o'er us roll
And dim our sight.

"We can not make thee dead,'
Though violets deck the bed
Where thou art lain;

Digitized by Google

O spirit of the flowers !
Who meekly bend in showers
And bless the rain,
Come to these hearts of ours
And soothe our pain.

1848.

THE SEARCH.

THERE is a little flower,
That all the maidens know,
Who tread this tangled bower,
Where all its tendrils grow.

Now in its search we start,
And tread this shady walk ;
Ah ! each will lose his heart,
Who with these maidens talk !

Here children in their play,
In gleeful spirits meet,
And spend the live-long day,
Its blossoms at their feet.

Here robins chirp and sing,
And from their branches start ;
While fairy voices fling
Enchantment round the heart.

Digitized by Google

A branch I seek for you,
To bind around your brow;
Lo here it graceful grew—
Upsprings to greet us now!

For it you ask a name.
Ah! then my story's told;
The heart you can not blame,
That can a secret hold!

1859.

ART AND TOIL.

HOW beautiful the earth, how fair the skies
Where loved by gods Olympian mountains rise!
Then Vulcan forged and Neptune led his train,
Minerva taught and shrined each hill and plain;
Agricola 'mid cultured slopes and fields
Inhaled the odors that the harvest yields;
Apollo, too, would join the pleasing throng,
And cheer the moments with his harp and song;
Then Art was loved and every marbled shrine
Proclaimed that Toil was noble and divine.

Methought this voice I heard when on the bay
I gazed upon the ships that peaceful lay,
And heard the voices of the splashing wheel
And parting waters 'neath the shining keel:
And on the wharves and streets whose buildings rise,
The loaded garners of the world's supplies,

Digitized by Google

And thought how honest Toil and manly Art
Should now in holy bonds unite the heart;
United who shall tell their mighty deeds?
Bold Vulcan thou and Neptune with thy steeds?
What one performs the other joys to tell,
Like voice and echo in the leafy dell:
When one, they sweetly blend like heat and light,
And joyous visions rise before our sight.

See dark-browed Egypt with her sweeping Nile,
Her costly monuments, the stately pile
Where Memnon sweetly greets the rising day,
With music kindled by its opening ray;
Where lofty Sphinxes mutely gaze and stand
Half buried 'neath the desert's shifting sand:
See Venice too, once mistress of the sea,
The princely cargo of each argosy;
See Rome and Greece, the honored home of Art,
How dear their walks to every pilgrim heart!
Where grace and learning to perfection grew,
And philosophy shed its healing dew;
Where Plato taught and Socrates abode,
In humble robes to highest glory rode.
To Art and Toil did all their homage pay,
That built their shrines and paved the Appian Way.

Now cast your eyes to meadow, bush, and tree,
In humble fields Agricola we see,
And gardens rich with perfume scent the air,
And ripening fruits the budding branches bear.

Digitized by Google

In marbled paths the lovely maidens walked,
And 'neath the friendly shade in quiet talked.
There bloomed the lily and the Syrian rose,
The clustered grapes that red-faced Bacchus grows;
The waving corn through which the Master walked,
The lilies fair of which he sweetly talked.
Their beauty and their grace his discourse made
Fairer than marble art or templed shade.

Let years pass by with all their mighty deeds;
The ages past with all their struggling needs,
Behold Columbus trims his wingèd sail,
And ocean kindly yields an opening trail,
Through which in triumph now he swiftly glides,
And on the viewless track to glory rides.
The friendly birds from landward take their flight,
In graceful curves they move before his sight,
And now they hover o'er the virgin soil,
The final triumph of his patient toil.
The cross he rears beneath the bending sky,
And Roman eagles to our standard fly.
What though from templed shrines the gods have flown?
And altars crumble to the gods unknown?
The Christian spire invites the pilgrim's eye,
And points in beauty to his homeward sky.

See now Columbia in her pomp and pride,
The princess of the nations and their bride!
Her ships now whiten every bay and sea,
And 'neath her flag behold the noble free.

Digitized by Google

Here Art and Toil their work begin anew,
With better promise than the ancients knew.
No chivalry that once the past did own,
E'er bore its standard to the icy zone
Where Kane his taper lit with match and steel,
Where circling zones no more their motion feel.
No bounding steed that e'er Arabia knew,
So sure and swift o'er hill and valley flew,
As now our wingèd words by lightning go
In messages of love both to and fro:
While all proclaim beneath these western skies,
Here Art and Toil in nobler forms shall rise;
With none to fear, the future all to hope,
The boundless universe their ample scope.
Thus linked in twain, my country who shall trace
The dawning future of our onward race?
Earth buds anew, new flowers upspring to sight,
Orion brightens 'neath the kindling light;
And Lyra's harp that sparkles o'er the land,
New music wakes among the starry band;
New stars now come and kindle in the sight,
And nations move beneath th' increasing light.

Within the heart upon its virgin soil
Now build a shrine for noble Art and Toil;
There nurse the arts that grace the teeming earth,
And manly toil that gave the arts their birth;
The pen exalt and with the soldier's blade
Unite the plow, the anchor, and the spade.

1858.

Digitized by Google

THE INNER LIFE.

THE outward world that round us lies
Is not the world in which we dwell;
The inner world alone is real—
The world we neither buy nor sell.
I'm master of all outward things,
Within my soul I take my seat,
And Nature comes in perfumed robes
And lays her treasures at my feet.
All things I have within myself,
Suns set and suns within me rise;
I live within bright palace walls
Arched o'er by lovely jeweled skies.
I come and go, a wandering bee
That roams each flowery scented field,
And treasure up the golden fruit
My daily thoughts and pastimes yield.

I look at things not as they seem,
In all I see the Father's face:
All nature is a part of Him,
The bending sky is his embrace;
His breath embalms the dewy flowers,
He makes the sun his triumph car;
His voice I hear in every breeze,
His smile I see in every star.
He builds his altar everywhere,
On every heart his dews distill,
His heaven is with the pure in heart,
Its temple-gates the human will.

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I love to turn from beaten paths
Where trade and politics deceive,
And fondly roam each wood and glen,
And feel my breast with rapture heave.
The world wants not that which I have,
But still I love the inner life,
And naught can tempt my heart away
To mingle with its scenes of strife;
For deep within I have a mine
More rich than gold that veins the earth,
And deep within are loving thoughts
That give to joy and trust their birth.
That inner world, oh! be it mine,
And mine to tread each sacred hall,
To enter in its silent courts
And know the perfect Soul of All.

1842.

HYMN.

HOW good is God! I see his loving smile
In every drop of morning dew;
And though he crowns each day with gifts,
His gifts are still forever new.

The sun shines clear as first it rose
From dreamy chaos into birth;
The rainbow is as beautiful
As first it spanned the waiting earth.

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What shall await our future days,
He now withholds from our weak sight;
The book of fate is kindly closed,
His ways, though dark, are always right.

The sweetest hours by far in life
Are those that lie between each pain,
Like sunbeams streaming from the sky
Between two drops of falling rain.

Oh! then, away with all distrust!
God's gifts are always fresh and new.
The hand that led us through the past
Will lead us all our journey through.

1851.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TUNE—*America.*

NOW, children, let us all
On God our Father call,
His blessing seek;
The ocean in his hand,
Rivers a smiling band,
And rills that gem the land,
His goodness speak.

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While time shall onward roll,
We'll join with heart and soul,
And water praise;
We love the dripping well,
Our lips its joys shall swell,
Its peaceful triumphs tell
In tuneful lays.

Health here its temples rears,
Pleasure the moments cheers,
And warms our hearts;
Each eye with hope is bright,
The future lends its light,
Religion cheers the sight
Its wealth imparts.

Again we raise our voice,
In one glad strain rejoice,
The earth shall sweep!
United now we stand,
A true and happy band,
Resolved to free our land,
Our pledge to keep.

1855.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

SEE the happy angels,
Sweetly robed they stand,
Looking down in fondness,
On this youthful band.

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See the dew-drops falling
On each sinless brow,
Parents softly lisping
Their baptismal vow.

Lord, each child we offer,
Pure without a stain;
Each loved child then naming,
Falls the holy rain.

See their angels list'ning,
Lay their harps away;
Round thy throne now kneeling,
Silently we pray.

Keep their hearts now guileless,
Free from sin and strife;
Write their names in heaven,
In the Book of Life.

1858.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

TUNE — *All the week we spend.*

NOW the Sabbath day
Calls us to our school,
There to sing and pray,
The sight how beautiful!
And it is a faithful rule
Never to be late at school!

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Now my books I take,
'Tis my constant care,
Ne'er the rule to break;
Faithfully prepare
All the lessons of my school;
Blest are we who keep the rule!

Now in school are we,
All our teachers too;
Pleased are we to see
Such kind friends and true;
And it is our constant rule
To be still in Sunday-school!

Now in prayer we rise,
Our humble tributes bring,
Trav'ling to the skies,
Let us pray and sing;
When we all obey each rule,
Sweet, how sweet the Sunday-school!

1855.

HYMNS.

Written for and sung at the funeral of Rev. William H. Kinsley, September 9th, 1851.

I.

WITH folded arms and solemn tread,
These temple-gates, O God! we press,
For one who has this people led,
Has left his flock now shepherdless.

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From dust we came, to dust we go,
The body frail in which we dwell;
But for the soul we never toll
In measured stroke the village bell.

The path is dark to mortal sight
That guides the spirit on its way,
But who can see the vapors rise
That viewless pierce the molten ray?

All space is thine, all time to thee
In true and sweet obedience roll;
Then unto thee, in whom is lost
All space and time, we leave the soul.

We walk by faith and not by sight,
Thy boundless love is all our stay,
In that we trust—the more we trust,
The darker seems our pilgrim way.

II.

Oh! who can tell what glories now
Attend our brother on his way,
Or how embalming on his brow
The wingèd hours now pass away?

For little know the roots that lie
Beneath the sod so chill and bare,
Of all the sweets that fill the sky,
The rip'ning fruit their branches bear.

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But leaves are real, and life is more;
The leaf, the fruit, exist for all!
And Faith is echo from the shore,
When on that Land our spirits call.

And as the winds that kiss the flowers
Unto their roots their thoughts impart;
So every thought that fills their bowers
Has here an echo in the heart.

HYMN.

OH! not alone, when, like a bird
Of dark and brooding wing,
Or like an Autumn's faded flower
That's ceased its blossoming,

Would I, O Father! think of Thee,
And all Thy works review,
The wisdom and the love divine
That make Thy gifts so new.

I'd think of Thee, when joy's pure spring
In countless streamlets start,
And while my hopes are flowering
And ripen on my heart.

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For Thou art Good, the Central Life,
The Soul of all we see—
The Sun, the Germ, the Infinite;
Whom should we serve but Thee?

The Universe is but Thy Thought,
That runs through every age,
All Science must begin with Thee,
The Saint alone is Sage.

Thou art the Fount, Thy Laws the rills
Through which Thy blessings flow;
And they alone who do Thy will,
Thy benediction know.

Who then shall have their thirst assuaged,
And be from bondage free?
O Father! may we know in truth,
The Pure in Heart see Thee.

1850.

HYMN.

O THOU Most High, who canst uplift
Each heart to Thee above,
Anoint our souls with sacred fire,
Our lips with holy love.

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Our Father, ever hallowed name,
In thought, in will and deed,
On whom we lean, nor fear our stay,
If Thy commands we heed.

Thy kingdom come in all the earth,
To all our waiting eyes;
If we Thy will will always do
'Twill come in sweet surprise.

Give us each day our daily bread
Our bodies to renew,
And for our souls that to thee look
Pour out Thy blessing too.

Forgive the wrongs that we have done,
Reveal again Thy face,
As other's wrongs must we forgive
And lose in Thy embrace.

1844.

HYMN.

O THOU, the Life, the Light, the Truth,
Whose law is writ in love,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
On earth as 'tis above.

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Thy kingdom come! Oh! come in thought
To these poor hearts of ours,
Till all is fair and sweet within
As cells within the flowers.

Thy kingdom come! Oh! come in will
That purposes the life;
The truth to seek, the good to win,
Where now are sin and strife.

Thy kingdom come! Oh! come in deed,
And banish all our woes;
Until within each heart shall thrive
The lily and the rose.

1846.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

'TIS midnight now. The city's streets, how still!
The moon's pale light is glimmering o'er the hill,
And walks in beauty in the path it knows,
And all is wrapt in lovely, sweet repose,
Except the lonely watcher of the room
Whose cheerful taper lights the friendly gloom;
Or those who like their Master lingering stay
On Olivet, the holy mount, to pray.
The stars' sweet rays now cheer the drooping heart,
As one by one the dwellers' lights depart,
And seem like beacon-fires that meekly glow,
To watch the peaceful world that sleeps below.

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The clock strikes twelve—the Old Year now is dead!
Its sands are gone, its waning days have fled.
All silent as the evening ray it went,
And like an arrow when its force was spent.
Old Time the record takes and seals each page,
To hand it down from coming age to age.

St. Mary's dial see, the hands discern;
They pass the figures, and can ne'er return!
The book is closed, the story now is told,
And e'en an angel's hand with pen of gold
The vain and foolish task would soon resign,
A word to change, or e'en a shadowy line.
The book is sealed, and on each fadeless leaf
Is traced each joy, each passing sin and grief;
By our own lives the written words we state,
As images upon the burnished plate,
Which, placed beneath the searching, burning rays,
In truth the living likeness there displays.
And all is there; no thought has pierced the sky
But passed beneath the Father's watchful eye;
Each tempting thought that sent the arrows deep
Within the inmost soul, He bade to sleep;
Each sin He witnessed, and each sorrowing hour;
Naught hides from Him, or thwarts His sovereign power.

The tale is told, the morning stars appear;
Regrets are vain, and vain each falling tear.
Now by the Past the Future let us scan,
And build our hopes upon a better plan.

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If through the year our minds aspired above,
Still let us keep the path of life and love ;
If some loved friend with whom we walked in twain
Has left our side, let not a heart complain.
In peace now part, God speed him on his way !
'Tis ours the hill to climb while yet 'tis day.
If some sweet friend whose hand was clasped in ours,
Whose words like flowers embalmed the passing hours,
Now sleeps in death—is lost for aye from sight ;
So Christ passed on and left an arch of light !
If art and toil unite the sea and land,
The Future, too, awaits our moulding hand ;
And though the Past in sorrow we have trod,
Hope rears her column on the dewy sod.

That Future beams upon the prophet's eye.
Behold its signs upon the dawning sky !
The weary world awaits the coming sage
Whose living words shall rouse the slumbering age ;
The poet's words new harmonies to trace
And breathe in rhythmic cadence to the race ;
The painter, too, whose pictured thoughts shall glow
With all the loveliness the heart may know ;
The sculptor's hand, from stone so hard and real
In marble forms to shape the soul's ideal
Of love and grace ; the statesman, too, to find
Of noble thought and world-expansive mind ;
The prophet's voice, whose living truths shall burn
Into all hearts, all idol thoughts o'erturn,
And by the mystic ties of truth and love,
Unite all hearts on earth to heaven above.

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The Present now is ours, and quickly flies,
No time have we for useless tears and sighs ;
For hours speed on, the changing seasons meet,
And pour their ripening treasures at our feet.
The fields that drink the falling dew and rain,
Invite the seedsmen and the golden grain ;
The ships that spread their sails for every land
At anchor wait the willing feet and hand ;
The merchant's office and the artist's room,
The workman's shop, the busy press and loom,
The mines whose liquid veins once ran with gold,
And knowledge, too, of use and wealth untold—
Invite the toiling millions of the earth
To purer joys than e'er the past gave birth.

The morning dawns : Athwart the eastern sky
A few faint streaks, like golden arrows, fly.
The angel Sleep that brooded o'er the earth,
That closed the flowers and gave to dreams their birth,
Now plumes her misty wings and soars away ;
The rising sun assumes his royal sway.
Mildly at first he sways his royal power
And wakes to life the birdling and the flower ;
Wisely he tempers both the heat and light,
And thus unvails his splendors to the sight.
Unnumbered voices greet the coming day.
Ring out, ye bells ! In rhythmic accents say,
A happy year to all ! Ring out the chime
And spread the joy from distant clime to clime !
Ring out, ye bells ! from graceful spire and tower,
And link your sweetness with the present hour !

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This day, supreme, let joy and gladness reign,
From hill to vale and distant plain to plain.
To festive rites in friendship's holy name,
Now yields each heart that feels the mystic flame.
Within our homes see woman reigns to-day;
In crystal shrines the infant pleasures play;
And dull must be our sight if we deny
Their happy home within her love-lit eye!
Lo, at her glance our wintry thoughts take flight,
And summer comes to make the hours more bright.
Like spring, her voice new powers awake to birth,
And new-born joys upspring to cheer the earth!

The rites begin—behold the passing line!
Fill up the cup, but not with maddening wine,
Though woman sips, and with her jeweled hand
Extends the liquid from the vine-clad land.
Within the sparkling beads the demons lie,
And death upon the rising perfumes fly.
Now fill the cup that holds the wine of life,
Whose clustered grapes contain no seeds of strife;
Which warms the heart with joys that can not cloy,
And lights our path with thoughts of coming joy.

A happy year to all! To you, my friend!
If o'er the poet's page you friendly bend.
I know you not, and yet one God have we;
One Christ, to set our willing spirits free;
One country, too, the land we love so well,
In whose defense our fathers nobly fell;

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One State we own, the Golden State we love ;
Eureka, floats upon her flag above !
One blood have we that courses through our veins ;
One path that leads us to the heavenly plains ;
Our joys and sorrows one ; one hope to share,
One heaven to win, one cross to meekly bear.
O brother mine ! though o'er thy sunny France
Where waving vineyards in the sunbeams dance,
Or Luther's land, of noble deeds the home,
Italia's vales—the honored seat of Rome,
Or other lands of ruder vales and skies,
Or England's shores, thy herald star did rise ;
Yet here, upon these shores, we meet as one,
And all one common purpose bravely own.
That purpose, here, a noble State to rear,
Whose mighty deeds shall all the nations cheer.
That theme is mine, the future times to trace,
To watch the star of empire in the race
Of nations to the ever distant West,
Whose fabled land inspires the poet's breast !
Lo ! o'er our heads the star that led the way,
Now stops as erst where Judah's shepherds lay,
And marks the spot to which the nations tend,
And round whose homes the prophet's visions blend !
Thus, while with mirth the New-Year's birth we greet,
And joyous friends around the board may meet,
With fancy's wings the future we will roam,
And joyful speak of Country, God, and Home !

The stars that sparkle in the azure night
Run o'er with love and share their crystal light ;

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The flowers that bloom so meekly and so fair,
Their sweetness blend and now their dew-drops share;
E'en so, our hearts with love to all run o'er,
To friends though near or on a distant shore.
A happy year to all! To you, my child!
With heart so meek and eyes so sweetly mild;
Whose soul now twinkling through your melting eyes,
Reflects the beauty of its native skies.
And happy maiden! you, whose heart keeps time
With angel's footsteps and the poet's rhyme;
The tendrils of whose heart in beauty twine
Around some kindred heart that's worthy thine.
And parent, too! who strives through want or wealth,
By humble deeds to aid the commonwealth.
A pattern man, a woman nobly born,
Who love the truth and mere appearance scorn;
Whose household is their realm; their throne, their rule;
Their home of pure and truthful deeds—a school.
And, honest miner, too, in search for gold,
Thy cheerful heart a mine of wealth untold!

A happy year to ALL! Ring out the chime,
And spread the joy from distant clime to clime!
Ring out, ye bells! from graceful spire and tower,
And link your sweetness with the present hour!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1858.

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THE BACHELOR.

A GENTLE maid I met one day,
With heart so meek and eye so mild,
That in her path I loved to stray,
While others looked and archly smiled.

Around her brow there shone a flame
That made her like an angel seem,
And when she spoke, sweet music came
And floated by as in a dream.

In Eden's bowers there bloomed no rose,
No pink so sweet, no lily rare,
That could in truth compare with those
That blossomed on her bosom fair.

That happy hour a star appeared,
And held me in a pleasing trance;
And all my life its rays have cheered,
And kindle still beneath my glance.

How oft since then my eyes have wept,
And griefs been moulded into tears:
How many joys my heart have swept,
And hopes been mingled with my fears.

And though I knew 'twas but a dream,
From which my soul awaked one day;
That star of clear and steady beam
Still shines upon my pilgrim way.

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And as it falls upon my heart
  As first in youth its rays I knew,
New germs of thought in beauty start,
  Though I, in vain, its light pursue!

1859.

IMPROMPTU—TO MY WIFE.

LONG years have passed since last I looked
  Upon those sweet and tender eyes,
That in my youth beguiled my heart
  And made more fair the love-lit skies.

But time and change no changes bring
  To this fond heart that beats for thee;
For still of love my lips shall sing—
  Of sweetest love and constancy.

I'll sing of thee: it was thy face
  That taught my youthful heart to love;
And e'en the bud that drinks the rain
  Returns it to its home above.

Our youthful spring! The air how sweet!
  And filled with music like the lute;
I gave thee then the opening bud,
  I give thee now the ripening fruit.

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No land again with mountains high,
  No crested waves that lash the sea,
Shall bring again the rising sigh,
  Or separate thy form from me.

For we are one, as light and heat
  Unite to form the shining ray,
And linked in twain their journey take
  From opening morn to closing day:

And as the light each morn returns
  To gild more fair the new-born day,
From star to star, from mount to vale,
  Thine eye beholds the self-same ray.

So God hath bound us heart to heart,
  Henceforth our paths together run;
No earthly power our souls can part,
  And Heaven will not, that made us one.

1861.

MY WALK.

ONE day in pensive mood I walked
  Beneath the willow shade,
And with the silent shadows talked
  That with the waters played;
I mused on youth so quickly sped,
  Of leaves that bloomed to die,
Of wintry days by summer led,
  Of joys that hurried by.

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O sweet surprise! what see I now?
A form of angel mien,
A wreath of lilies decks her brow
Entwined with fadeless green.
The smile upon her face disarms
My anxious thought and fears;
While I, enchanted by her charms,
Forget my falling tears.

What is thy name? Fair spirit, tell,
Come, clasp thy hand in mine;
Where is thy home? Where dost thou dwell?
Where is thy earthly shrine?
Oh! tell me whence those rubies rare,
That gem, that cross of flame,
That sparkles on thy bosom fair?
Pray tell me, then, thy name!

She, answering, speaks, with lips so true
And voice so sweet and mild;
Upon my heart it falls like dew,
She claims me as her child!
No fears can now my heart intrude,
No grief its peace inflame;
A friend is she in solitude,
Religion is her name.

1859.

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OUR DEPARTED HERO.

WHAT grief is this that rides on every gale,
Uprising from the people's mangled heart?
The ocean's moans the passing deed bewail,
The mountain eagles from their caverns start;
And rivers wide that sweep the mourning land,
The hills and plains that echoed to his tread;
The mountains high, that rise a monarch band,
All mourn a hero lost, a leader dead.

● stricken land! our grief is yours indeed;
For you we weep, for you our hearts shall bleed.
'Tis well ye mourn, my brothers young and brave;
His cause was yours, for you his life he gave.
'Tis well the voice of joy has ceased, while now
We twine the fadeless chaplet for his brow.
Yes, mourn, thou stricken land he loved so well—
His deeds recite, his manly virtues tell.
For he has gone, the bravest of us all,
True at his post and prompt at duty's call.
His soul was nobly formed to mount—to soar
Where'er his country's cause her banner bore.
Yes, mourn, let toil forget its task awhile,
And childhood's cheeks refuse its wonted smile;
Within our homes no words of mirth pass round,
The timbered hills forget the axe-man's sound,
The merchant cease to count his usual gains,
The traveler lone upon the distant plains;
All cease from toil and lay your tasks away,
And to our hero dead our tribute pay.

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He died, this brave, unconquered son of ours.
Come, strew his bier with amaranthine flowers ;
The friendly earth that once his body gave,
Ope now, thy bosom for a peaceful grave.
Come, brothers all, our grievous loss bemoan,
And in the nation's ear our sorrows own.
Bemoan that death the soldier's hand has chilled,
His manly heart in dreary silence stilled ;
And that his voice, so trumpet-toned and clear,
His eagle heart that never stooped to fear,
No more shall tell from whence the kindling flame
That warmed his soul, endeared to all his name.

His body now we give its mother earth,
His soul to God, because of heavenly birth.
Pass on, loved spirit, o'er these clouds arise,
And greet the glory of the morning skies ;
While now before thy corpse so pale and chill,
With tearful eyes we stand and linger still.
But not too long—his spirit leads the fight,
And southward still our eagles take their flight.
No time to waste, while now our country bleeds,
'Tis now the time for thought and manly deeds ;
And while the war-clouds break upon the land,
And one by one they fall—brave freedom's band ;
By all the blood rebellion costs the slain,
For every drop that stains the crimsoned plain,
A thousand men upspring before our sight,
And millions more respond, "GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !"

1861.

Digitized by Google

NIGHT.

SWEET twilight hour has come—the time, how sweet!
The dewy night and waning day now meet
And wander o'er the hills. The drooping flowers
Fold up their leaves and bless these witching hours.
The stars resume their sway, for lo, they come!
The scene how calm! Naught but the insect's hum
And gurgling voices from the neighboring rill
Now break upon the air. The night, how still!

Come, Fanny, by my side, but speak not now.
Come, lay thy hand in mine, while on thy brow
These starlit rays now rest, a halo bright,
That flames around thy form—a heavenly light.
With awe now gaze upon the starlit sky,
As for its sweet repose we inly sigh.

See yonder fields, where late the cattle trod,
No feet now wander o'er the upturned sod;
In yonder meadow rests the new-mown hay;
Hushed is the flail and hushed the robin's lay.
No weary cattle seek this evening hour,
No roaming bee now seeks the opening flower;
The cattle on the thousand hills repose—
The roaming bee its friendly covert knows.

All nature speaks that night was made for rest.
The day is closed that all the hours had blest—
That touched the hills when all the flowers awoke,
That bathed the vales till all their voices spoke,

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When from her nest the morning lark did soar,
And light sprang forth from out its viewless shore.
Now night, with dewy footsteps, round us creeps,
While labor rests, and like a giant sleeps.

Our thoughts, how busy now! Oh! bless the Hand
That arched the sky and built yon starry land;
That lit the stars and traced the milky way;
That strung the harp the mystic moonbeams play;
That built the dome above this rolling earth,
And gave each soul its mysterious birth.

Thy prayer now breathe, ere sleep shall close thy eyes;
Angels are near to bear it to the skies.

O Father! bless the child who bows to thee.
From every sin now set my bosom free;
Each evil thought now banish from thy sight;
Ope wide thy gates, conduct me by thy light.
Oh! bless thy children scattered far and wide,
Those on the land and on the rolling tide;
Remember those whose early choice is made,
And those still longing for the healing shade,
Where cooling waters quench the thirsting soul.
And peace and plenty on their bosom roll.

Remember those who long and weary roam,
Seeking the path that guides the pilgrim home;
And those long crushed by tyranny and care,
Who seek in gloomy cells the gates of prayer;

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And as the night doth waft its healing dew,
Send comfort now, and sweet deliverance too ;
And while by day I walk as in thy sight,
Grant me in peace to bid the world "good night !"

This prayer she breathed ere slumber closed her eyes ;
An angel near then bore it to the skies.

1860.

THE CHILD'S WAKING HYMN.

[From the French of Lamartine.]

MY Father kind, whom we adore,
On bended knees we lisp thy name ;
Thy gifts my mother's heart inflame,
On whom thy blessings I implore.

They tell me that the sun so bright
Is but thy play of light and heat ;
Self-poised it swings beneath thy feet,
A lamp of soft vermilion light.

The little birds of summer fields
To thee alone do owe their birth ;
And all the children of the earth
Thou gav'st a soul that knowledge yields.

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They tell me that the flowers rare
Are but the product of thy hand;
And but for thee, throughout the land
The orchard trees no fruits would bear.

The universe, thy banquet-hall,
Is by thy glory fitted up;
And e'en the insect there may sup,
It is thy bounty feedeth all.

The lambkin feeds on upland ledge,
The skipping goat the wild grass crops;
The little fly sips the white drops
That hang upon the vase's edge.

The skylark leaves its sunny nest
And seeks the gleaner by the brook;
The sparrows to the winnower look,
And childhood seeks its mother's breast.

And to obtain each sacred gift
That day by day doth bring to light
The morning hour, the evening—night,
To thee our waiting hearts we lift.

O God! my stammering lips set free,
To lisp thy name that angels fear;
But e'en a little child may hear
And join the choir that praises thee.

Digitized by Google

Ah! can He know so far away
The secret thoughts that move my heart;
Then that his grace He may impart
To me, to Him I'll daily pray.

My God, who giv'st the fountain rain,
And feathers to the sparrow's breast;
Who giv'st the sheep their wool, and blest
With shade the roses of the plain,

Restore the sick to health, we pray;
Give bread to those who weary roam;
Unto each orphan give a home,
And to the captive—freedom's day.

1861.

RESURGAM.

I SHALL RISE AGAIN.

THIS word we trace where'er we bend our eye,
In silent groves, in yonder sunset sky;
In garden walks where once the lilies slept,
Bathed in the dew-drops that the evening wept.

The leafless tree that lifts its arms in prayer,
The naked rose-bush, once the gardener's care,
Shall hear the voice when spring shall come again,
With melting sunlight and the genial rain.

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The setting sun that bathed the earth with light,
And scattered far and wide the gloom of night,
This word repeats, as with departing ray
He leaves the scene and shuts the gates of day.

The stars that lingered till the opening dawn,
And graced the beauty of the dew-eyed morn,
This word repeat, as fading from the sky
They lonely set before the watcher's eye.

Beside the open tomb, the grave new made,
Where mourners kneel beneath the willow shade,
An angel stands, and to the passing train
Proclaims these words: "They rise—all rise again!"

As spring succeeds the wintry days and snows,
As from the budding stem the blossom grows,
So near is heaven—so near the landscape lies,
Though hidden now beneath these earthly skies.

1861.

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